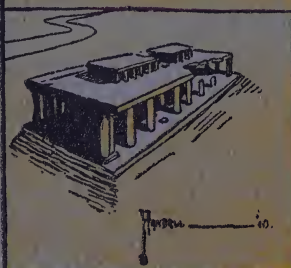


VOL V

Christmas 1907

No. 2

# THE TIGER.





# *THE TIGER*

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THE CALIFORNIA SCHOOL  
of  
MECHANICAL ARTS

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SAN FRANCISCO



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## I Saw Three Ships

I saw three ships come sailing in,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day ;  
I saw three ships come sailing in,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Pray whither sailed those ships all three  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day ?  
Pray whither sailed those ships all three  
On Christmas Day in the morning ?

Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day ;  
Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day ;  
And all the bells on earth shall ring  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the angels in Heaven shall sing  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day ;  
And all the angels in Heaven shall sing  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day ;  
And all the souls on earth shall sing  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

—Old Carol.

# INDEX

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT—

|  |    |
|--|----|
| CHRISTMAS CAROL.                                     | 3  |
| THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SHEP (Leonard Kellogg, '09).    | 5  |
| AURORA BOREALIS—Part II (R. Morser, '09), continued. | 8  |
| AN INCIDENT OF THE HIGHWAY (Gerald D. Kennedy, '08). | 10 |
| HIS BIRTHDAY GIFT (Elma Gearon, '09).                | 11 |
| THE MERCHANT OF VENICE (M. S. Berry, '10).           | 13 |
| THE TRUNK THIEVES (George E. Phillips, '11).         | 14 |
| A DAY IN THE FORESTS (L. H. Baxter, '10).            | 16 |
| THE PROBLEM OF ATHLETICS (Ralph Hupp, '09).          | 17 |
| "LONG DAVIS" DEMISE (F. J. Finnegan, '08).           | 18 |
| RAILROADING (Ben J. Small, '09).                     | 19 |
| THE NORTH WIND AND THE GOLDEN ROD (Mary Raber, '08). | 21 |
| FATE (Fred B. Hornick, '10).                         | 22 |
| TO A MOCKING BIRD (Hazel Henderson, '08).            | 23 |
| THE ANCIENT SUGAR BARREL (G. Johnson, '10).          | 23 |
| THE LAST STAGE (Claire Hodges, '09).                 | 24 |
| JIMMY (R. E. Chatfield, '10).                        | 25 |
| THE LAST CHARGE (Walter Dreyer, '10).                | 27 |
| BEN—A CLEVER HORSE (L. M. Pearlman, '09).            | 28 |
| TIGERETTES—  |    |
| THE CAPTAIN (Stanly Durbrow, '11).                   | 29 |
| BEFORE SUNRISE (Richard Finn, '11).                  | 29 |
| THE OTHER SIDE (Richard Finn, '11).                  | 29 |
| THE JOYS OF DRIVING (Horace Hirschler, '11).         | 29 |
| TWILIGHT (Ynid Ostrom, '11).                         | 29 |
| IT WASN'T LOADED (Edwin M. Jacobs, '11).             | 29 |
| SIR WILLIAM GOAT'S DIET (Andrew Davis, '11).         | 30 |
| ODE TO NAUGHTY EIGHT (G. Mitchell, '08).             | 30 |

## TECHNICAL DEPARTMENT—

|  |    |
|--|----|
| Traction Engines and a Few of the Various Uses to Which<br>They Are Adapted (Robert Clyde, '08). | 31 |
| SENIOR SEMINAR.  | 32 |
| SUBMARINES (A. J. Robertson, '09).   | 33 |
| EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.  | 34 |
| EXCHANGES.   | 36 |
| SCHOOL AND ALUMNI NOTES.   | 38 |
| SHOP NOTES.  | 42 |
| ATHLETICS.   | 45 |
| JOSHES.  | 51 |
| PERSONAL INTERVIEWS WITH CELEBRITIES IN OUR<br>SIDESHOW.   | 53 |

# THE TIGER

CALIFORNIA SCHOOL OF MECHANICAL ARTS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

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## The Autobiography of Shep

I was yet a very tiny dog. The only thing that I remember distinctly about my puppyhood was the day I was taken away on a great ship. Taken away from everything dear, away from my mother, little brothers and sisters, and all that one holds dear. I recollect more vividly how for days the boiling seas rolled the ship from side to side; each lurch to my terrified mind seemed the last.

Bright, warm sunlight at last gleamed beneath a rift in the threatening sky. The great towering billows of the heaving sea soon subsided, the few ragged clouds drifted behind the mysterious horizon.

Pleasant days succeeded each other. Each succeeding day with more of the future in it, and less of the former chaos.

I for the first time since going aboard was curious to know my master. I looked up into his kind blue eyes for the

first time; they met mine with a smile of approval. I then had no more of my former fear of the great giant, but rather liked his rough affection, and soon loved him.

The sight of land put new hopes in me. I had intently watched the coast line for some time, when at last I saw a small settlement set on the verge of the seaside, with rugged mountains strewn behind it, making it look the smaller.

When the ship landed that afternoon I got off with my stalwart master, whose bulky form I regarded now as my only source of protection. I followed close to his heels lest some harm befall me. I was such a small dog and saw so many larger ones ready to pick a quarrel.

In a few days we left the town, which I was glad to do. We were headed for those gloomy mountains which I had so clearly seen from on shipboard. This



time we were not alone; my master drove a small donkey before him. I hated him, jealous of the affectionate attentions bestowed upon him by my master.

Toward nightfall we approached a large ranch house at the very edge of those dark hills. The generous people provided us with food and drink, spread a couch for my master and bid him stay.

In the early morning we departed, taking with us a dozen sheep. This time I felt proud and self-important as we started on our journey, for I drove the herd of sheep.

Soon my hatred for Bob, as my master called the donkey, abated somewhat, and I rather liked him despite the fact that I was jealous. His slow, good-natured pace and stout back soon became the most important part of the journey, for the meals served always came from the "elforjas" suspended about his sides.

The next day our journey led us farther into the desolate mountains, around sharp turns, over giddy precipices, down dark canyons, at last emerging into a small valley cramped between the huge hills. In this valley we followed a trail that crossed and recrossed a little alkaline river until the trail finally narrowed and soon was lost in the wilderness. Here by days only the poisonous snake woke the silence with his terrifying rattle, and at night the mountain cat wailed.

Far up the valley, to the left under the shade of a tall pine-covered mountain, we discovered a potrero, half hidden by grassy slopes. Here we halted and my master told me that we were to stay and make this our home. I did not quite understand all he said, but wagged my tail in doubtful approval, as was my custom, for I thought he knew best.

Day after day I herded sheep. Day after day my master's ax rang and constructed of logs a rude but cozy dwelling. And still he worked until a stout corral enclosed the house.

Pleasant weeks rolled on into dreamy months, each day a new experience, an exciting rabbit chase or perchance a wild pursuit in quest of an encounter with the wily coyote. I always returned from my trailings before night to bring home the grazing herd. And when the

soft darkness dispelled the cares of the day we went into the cabin, where a generous meal awaited me. Often after we had dined my master called me to him and would fondle me. I pressed close up to him, and putting my nose into his gentle hands awaited the caresses that were sure to result. He then would tell me of the day's triumph or of yesterday's disaster, and lulled into peace by the warmth and cheerfulness, he dreamed of happier days. Some day, he told me, we would both be rich and live in a mansion together, located in the heart of a great and beautiful city.

He counted his sheep over, told me all his troubles, spoke of all that happened over and over again. Presently he seemed to ponder, his hands relaxed and ceased to caress me, they fell to his sides, his eyes followed the smoke's fantastic designs. He seemed to be thinking of something far, far away. I never could quite understand what it was, although he told me over and over, and time and again.

The peaceful months gradually lengthened into years. The herd increased year after year, until the corral overflowed. We became more devoted as time passed. We hunted together, joyed and sorrowed alike.

At last one winter there came a change, as all things human are bound to change. Winter, with storms and gloom o'er-spreading the sky, had replaced the summer's sunshine and flowers once more. As the fated day darkened a storm gathered and broke, raging over mountain and vale.

That night no customary fire blazed and cheered the cabin's darkness and desolation. All night the forked lightning flared blindingly and gleamed a funeral pall to one whose strong life it had wilted; the thunder bellowed in harsh notes a funeral dirge.

All night I waited and watched; the storm abated, the clouds drifted apart to make room for the pale sunlight. It dawned, but no welcome voice broke the morning's silence, no familiar form darkened the lonely doorway.

I madly rushed out through the open door, the gullies on the hillside and far up the piney mountain's steep incline.



There in a dark nook shaded by overhanging trees, he took refuge from the blinding storm; beaten down and half buried with mud, I found him. Overjoyed, I danced about him, waiting for him to call me to him. Impatient at his long silence, I rushed upon him and licked his unresponsive hands and cold, pale face. His half-closed eyes stared vacantly, and frightened at his strange silence I withdrew a bit and watched and wondered all the day. By night my poor dog's brain understood the painful truth. I mourned piteously throughout the dreary nights.

I guarded over his lifeless body for days. In the end I returned once more to the sheep. Through the months of drenching storms and boiling suns he gradually mingled with the earth, until only his bleached skeleton remained. With the spring's sunshine and showers the grass grew up through these bleached bones, and wilted and died in the summer's glare. I now returned no more to the spot, but cared for the sheep by day and night.

Day by day the sun rose over that tall pine peak, and night after night settled to his rest behind those gigantic heaps of rocks, which my master had once told me looked like huge battlements of ruined castles, and whose duty it still was to guard the sun's retiring rays. This infernal sun with awful monotony rose, shone and set each day throughout several sad seasons and mournful years. Each day finding me just one day older and just one day nearer to that which would end the dreary existence. Each day threw a deeper shadow of loneliness across the trail of life.

Each morning I drove the sheep before me to the choicest meadows, and through the long forenoon carelessly pursued the wilv rabbit, which supplied the demands of hunger and warded off the eyes of starvation, which so often stared at me from the darkness. If no rabbits fell into my grasp I pounced upon some unsuspecting lizards quietly basking in the warm light. Thus I existed, a mere rag of hair, skin and bone.

Before the sun had measured half his downward course I turned the sheep

homeward, and by the time the West had lost its glow the sheep were safely within the protecting walls of the corral.

I watched the distant mysterious stars silently sparkle in the sky one by one. And through the long night I warded off the stealthy mountain lion and sly coyote. It seemed that things would never change. I waited expectant day by day. At last the change did come.

Brightly the sun shone on this particular morning; the sparkling dew glistened like newly cut diamonds. In the bright light of the morning sun I saw figures of men and horses approaching. I waited breathless, expectant, fearful for the safety of the sheep, for I distinctly heard one of the riders give orders to drive the sheep away.

I watched the foolish sheep silently driven away, without knowing what to do to prevent the men. My back bristled, but I saw that resistance or violence was out of the question. I had learned that that was foolish from my master long ago. The last of the men stopped as I would allow him to approach and called me to him. His face was kind, but I had many misgivings in my mind as to his purpose. Seeing his pleading with me was of no avail, he mounted and rode away after his comrades.

I mournfully watched them until their forms nearly vanished in the distance. I looked about; the cabin's dilapidation met my gaze; the sheep, my only companions, were gone. I felt a sharp pang of frightened lonesomeness, and not knowing why I did so, I started to follow after them.

Two days' journey brought us to the town where my master and I had first landed. Not knowing why, but because I must, I followed the sheep at a distance. The journey had told on me. My feet were sore, my sides gaunt, hungry, and worst, my mind perplexed with the uncertainties and strangeness.

It was with gladness now that I saw men approaching. One was the man that had so earnestly beckoned me to follow him from the lonely cabin. He at first stood at a distance and talked to the other concerning me; for he occasionally pointed in my direction. Now he cau-

tiously approached me and extended his hand in a friendly manner, lightly touching my head.

He provided me with the best food he had, and when I was strengthened I followed him home. I wander in his fields

and groves all day and pass the nights by the warmth of his grand fireplace.

When the wind blows shrilly without in the long winter nights I recline on a rug, where all is warmth and contentment. I dream of him and his fireplace of times past that glowed for me.

LEONARD KELLOGG, '09.

## Aurora Borealis

### Part II.

After two months of battling with the elements the good ship "Aurora" reached a point where movement was impossible, being surrounded on all sides by a glistening waste of ice whose only limit was the horizon.

For the first few days of the trip Ed and Steve kept to their berths, neither being in a very happy frame of mind over their first sea voyage, but this was soon over and they entered fully into the spirit of adventure and goodfellowship such as only this sort of expedition produces. As they went farther North they began to see great icebergs on their trips to warmer climes; once they saw an especially splendid berg.

"Say, Ed, come up here and look at this iceberg; it's the biggest yet," called Steve.

Ed was up on the bridge in a bound; a wonderful sight met his eyes. Three miles away was a fairy-like crystal palace towering majestically over the blue sea, glistening like a cluster of diamonds, while from its dark mysterious caves streams of foaming water gushed.

"How high is she, Captain?" asked Ed.

"I have just finished figuring that," responded the Captain. "She is over a thousand feet above the water. Ice is eight-ninths as heavy as water, so that only one-ninth is above water. Then, to find the actual height of the berg, we multiply the height above water by nine;

so the height of that berg is about nine thousand feet, which is about one and three-quarter miles."

"My!" said Steve. "I never knew I was so small and the ocean so deep!"

The bergs and pack ice became more numerous every day. The "Aurora" slowed down in speed to lessen the danger of ramming the ice. After several days of this she became jammed and could not fight her way farther. The grinding and crunching of the cakes against one another became like the constant rumble of great stones rolling and grating together. Even the ship was in danger of being crushed. But one morning all was found frozen solid.

Orders were given to unload the aeroplane, and all was activity on board the ship as the various parts were assembled and then carried out on the ice for the final fitting together. The usual small difficulties were overcome and the machine was nearly ready for the supreme test.

The aeroplane, which, as we know, had been christened the North Star, became known as the "Giant's Berth," because of its resemblance to the berths on a steamer.

"Well," said Uncle Logan one morning, "we will test that separator to-morrow; the days are short and cold, so to find an aurora will not trouble us much. But

we cannot expect to run in the Aurora Borealis all the time, so to meet with this difficulty the separator was made in two parts; one is nothing but an aluminum reservoir in which the exhaust is stored and at the same time cooled until we get into the charge of an "Aurora." There it is decomposed to gasoline and air. Thus, theoretically, we will not use any gasoline, though, of course, some will be wasted, but this will be a comparatively small amount."

"Why are you so particular to have the exhaust cool?" asked Steve.

"Well," replied his uncle, "the Northern Lights are an electrical discharge of almost infinitely high tension; the finest of insulation must be used to withstand the strain. The head designer of the I. and S. Electrical Works (whom you know made the separator) told me that there was nothing on the market that would stand this electric strain, but that he had discovered a compound which he had abandoned for practical purposes because of its prohibitive cost. As it was the only satisfactory material, we used it."

"Why, does this have anything to do with heat?" asked Ed.

"Great heat would destroy the insulation, and then I don't suppose you realize what would happen? Well, you've heard of Andre, who went after the Pole in a balloon? I only cite his case as one of many who never returned. It may surprise you, but I am now convinced that the Aurora was the cause of at least Andre's death."

The boys saw their discoveries in a new light now, but were not daunted by the added danger.

"Our separator," he went on, "is our salvation; it will be a most efficient protection, acting as it does like a large lightning rod, attracting the charge and conveying it harmlessly away; but if our insulation is impaired by heat we will not be able to confine the discharge, and you know the results."

The "North Star" was tested and found to work perfectly. It was then that the last preparations for the dash to the Pole began; condensed foods were packed and loaded. Every part of the "Giant's

Berth" was gone over many times to find the slightest flaw.

Logan Watson was busy with the officers selecting a crew. Men were plentiful, but who were the best? No more than twelve could go, while every one of the crew of a hundred and fifteen begged for a place. The only ones sure of their berths were Ed, Steve and their uncle. At last, to avoid ill-feeling, the rest were chosen by lot.

Not a man of the hundred and fifteen will ever forget the departure of the North Star. The disappointed ones cheered wildly as the happy and determined crew of the North Star said their last farewells and the order to cast off was given. Amid the whirring of the engines and propellers and the cheers of the crew the airship rose and began to leave the ship.

Soon the North Star was steady on her way, headed due North, now in an Aurora, now out. The engine was running in a way that made everyone happy, and despite the discomfort all were dreaming day-dreams of the Pole and the glory for those that reached it.

After a day and a half of uneventful travel above the Arctic fog it was decided to drop to terra firma and do a little exploring, as their observations showed them to be only a few miles from the Pole.

They dropped through the fog-bank and beheld the earth, but not what they expected, for they appeared to be over the brink of a pit out of which poured a soft violet light, not glaring, but penetrating and clear.

They circled lower and lower; the absence of heat told them they were not over a volcano. By making a circuit of the pit they found it to be about twenty miles in diameter and of an unknown depth.

Logan Watson took a few observations and did some rapid figuring.

"Well," he calmly began to the bewildered boys, who had hardly spoken because of their wonder at this unlooked for discovery, "there is not any such thing as the North Pole. Theoretically it is in about the middle of this hole, which, as near as I can tell, is bottomless. Now

I propose to circle down to it until we learn something definite."

"Yes! yes!" came shouts from every throat.

For nearly a whole day they circled down the pit, everyone straining their eyes for some sign of bottom.

"We're down in this hole thirty miles now," said Ed, looking at the barometer.

Suddenly the pit grew wider, extending beyond the reach of the eye.

"Men!" began Logan Watson, all a-quiver with excitement now, "we've made a greater discovery than the Pole! This Earth of ours is hollow—a mere shell thirty miles thick! Shall we explore the inside?"

"Yes! Go on! We must find out more!" came the replies from the crew.

A. MORSER, '09.

(To Be Continued.)

## An Incident of the Highway

It was a foggy night. The road was lonely; the only sound that broke the stillness of the night was the constant drip, drip of the fog condensing on the trees and falling to the ground.

It was the night of the last day of my vacation, and I was making the most of it. The town where I intended to spend the night was still four or five miles farther on. Though the evening was disagreeable, to say the least, I was happy and did not mind the weather. The cause of my happiness was the thought of the good times I had on my walking tour, now so near its end. I was also feeling a little sad, for in a few hours I would again be in the bonds of civilization.

Suddenly I heard a toot behind me in the fog and turned to see several lamps advancing at a good clip. As I stepped aside to let the machine pass I caught a glimpse of two young people, a youth and a pretty girl, seated in a bright red, racy-looking car. Disappearing lights, a smell of gasoline and I was alone again. It had come and gone like a phantom of the night. My thoughts naturally dwelt on the occupants of the machine, who seemed so happy and gay as they bowled along. I was wondering where they were bound for, whence they came

and why at this hour of the night. Several minutes passed and again I heard a toot behind me in the fog, and this time as the machine tore by I caught a glimpse of an old man who seemed to be exhorting the chauffeur to hurry. For a few moments the rattle of the exhaust was heard and then only the drip of the fog.

Now my imagination was aroused and my thoughts centered on the two machines speeding along this lonely country road in the dead of night. I imagined all sorts of things and reasons for the appearance of these two machines.

When I reached the village inn an hour or so afterwards my thoughts were still on the autos I had seen. The inn was crowded and all the guests and townspeople seemed to have some piece of news which they were excitedly discussing. They were all trying to talk at once and the consequence was a jargon of unintelligible sounds.

I finally cornered one wise-looking villager and pumped him about the recent happenings. It seemed about two hours or so before an auto sped into the village and stopped in front of the inn. It contained two people, a young fellow and a beautiful young woman. The young man jumped from the machine, asked the

way to the nearest garage and when informed there was none he seemed put out and sharply asked for gasoline. He was told that it could not be obtained in town, and he then broke into despairing gestures and made remarks about the town and its people that were not over-flattering. He forlornly went back to the machine, where he broke the news to his companion. She began to weep. At this juncture another auto dashed up the street, an old man hopped out and made a dash for the other machine, crying "My daughter! My daughter!" He then began making rather uncomplimentary remarks to the young fellow. The old man begged his daughter to come with him, but she threw herself into the arms of her companion. They then both began to talk to the old gentleman as if pleading with him. He bounced about angrily at first, then smiled, and soon his arms were about them both. Finally one machine started away with the old man, his

daughter and her lover, all happy and smiling, though in two cases through teary eyes. The chauffeur had gotten some gasoline at the plumber's and had left just before I came into town.

From him, however, they found out that the old gentleman was Claude Hastings, the millionaire, the girl his daughter, Dorothy, and the young man was Robert Ward, a very prominent young lawyer. It seems a dance was given at the Hastings home, and that after the dance Robert and Dorothy tried to elope. The father found out and immediately started in pursuit. He caught them as related above, and as he was a stiff old gentleman and very angry it took some persuasion to make him see their side. But he finally gave his consent, and they were now all happily speeding homeward.

So as I turned in for the night I thought that my vacation had come to a very pretty and happy ending.

G. D. KENNEDY, '08.

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## His Birthday Gift

(A Story of Man's Originality.)

Bill came to the table with such a pre-occupied air and paid so little attention to the muffins and maple syrup that his mother grew worried about his health. His sister, Nell, however, was sure that his trouble was only a mental one, and was filled with curiosity to know the cause. Leaning across the table, she inquired sweetly:

"What's the matter, Bill?"

"Nothing," answered her brother so churlishly that she decided to forbear questioning him—for a time at least.

After breakfast she slipped into the hall after him, helped him with his coat

and diligently hunted for the knife he had mislaid.

But still Bill was silent.

Now, Nell was a woman, and being a woman she was adept in the art of coaxing. So, as they stood on the porch, she slipped one hand into Bill's and whispered, "Billy, I know the nicest compliment for you, from a good source, too."

Bill turned with a laugh. He never could resist his charming little sister.

"You little witch!" he said. "Are you trying to bribe me that way?"

Nell looked at him solemnly for a mo-

ment, then said, "Bill, on my word of honor, I'll never tell."

"I haven't told you yet," laughed Bill.

"But you will," said Nell, sitting down on the step.

"Well," he said, "I'd have to tell you sooner or later, I suppose, so here goes."

He seated himself beside her and with a serious air said: "Well, it's Ray's birthday to-morrow, and I want to get her a present."

Nell looked at him a moment, then burst out laughing.

"Why, I don't think that's so terrible! There's lots of things you can get her. Candy, books—"

"I won't," interrupted Bill, decidedly. "Ever since—"

"You made up your mind that Ray was the only girl in the world," put in Nell saucily.

"I have known Ray," said Bill, ignoring her, "I've been sending her candy, flowers and books. This is the first time I've found out her birthday, and I'm going to get her something original."

"Why not an engagement ring?" inquired Nell, innocently.

"Now, look here, Sis, if you can't talk sense—"

"All right, I will. Tell me what you want to get."

"That's just what I want you to tell me."

"Well—there's turnovers and stocks and collar bones and shirtwaist sets," said Nell, counting over the things she needed most.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "I'd be a pretty object inquiring for shirtwaist sets, wouldn't I?" (He had an idea they were some kind of embroidery.)

Nell giggled. "Why, that's jewelry. When are you going on your shopping expedition?"

"This afternoon. Can't you come with me?"

"I'm sorry, Bill, I have to take my music lesson."

"Oh, bother! Well, I can't wait any longer, here's my ear." And before she could say a word he was gone.

Nell sprang up, crying: "Oh, Bill, those things won't do to send." But it

was too late. He had already boarded his car.

That afternoon about half past three a young man might be seen entering a large department store, looking uneasily at many aisles and counters.

He stood still in bewilderment until a short, bald-headed man stepped up to him and inquired what he wanted. Bill stammered out the first thing that came to his mind—"Turnovers."

"Third aisle to the left," said the bald-headed man, brusquely.

Bill, by great good fortune, reached his destination and informed the pretty saleswoman that turnovers, stocks or collars were the present desire of his life. Without further ado she brought out trays and trays and trays of the desired articles.

Poor Bill turned pale.

"Great Caesar!" he gasped.

The saleslady could not help laughing. "Is there any particular kind you want?" she asked, trying to help him out.

Bill shook his head dejectedly. Finally, won by the sympathy of the pretty girl, he told her his mission.

"Well," she said, "I wouldn't buy her anything like this. Why don't you look at the jewelry counter. It's to the right."

"Thanks," said Bill, "I'll do it."

But the jewelry counter proved no better. Everything was beyond his price. He thought of writing paper. But no, Nell, he was sure, was going to give Ray that very thing.

Cologne! No, Ray detested it.

Well, to make a long story short, he drifted aimlessly about from one counter to the other selecting, rejecting, until he had wasted an hour and a half and had nothing to show for it. He was getting very, very tired.

Suddenly he caught sight of a department half hidden by palms. It was a confectionery. He did not pause a second, but fairly flew to the counter, and five minutes later a clerk was taking down an order for five pounds of Haase's choicest candy for Miss Ray Allen, with best wishes from Bill.

Failing to draw from Bill a single incident of the afternoon, Nell was burning with curiosity to see the "original



gift." As he came into the room Nell was sewing. He looked tired, but very happy and contented. Nell took all this in in a glance, but saw nothing that looked like a present. She kept on sewing after they greeted each other, and Bill took up a book to read. Nell waited for him to broach the subject of his success as a shopper, but he did not speak. At last, as she could stand the silence no longer, she burst forth, "Bill, what did you get Ray?"

Bill put down his book and laughed. "I knew that was coming," he said. "How on earth did you keep that question back so long."

"It was pretty hard, I will admit, but what did you get her."

"Suppose you guess?" said Bill.

"Well, it can't be very big if you have it in your pocket," said Nell. "Perhaps my suggestion of the engagement ring was not far astray, after all. I think you

might show it to me. I won't tell. What are you laughing at?"

Nell was fast losing patience and Bill continued laughing the whole time she was talking.

"Perhaps it wasn't so very far astray, and perhaps it was, but I wouldn't get mad about it, little girl," said Bill.

"O, I'm not mad," said Nell, indifferently. "I don't care what you got her. I never did want to know, anyhow," and Bill left the room laughing to kill.

Nevertheless, the first thing next morning she hurried over to her friend. After birthday greetings were over with she burst forth, "Oh, Ray, what did Bill send you?"

"A five-pound box from Haase's," said Ray, contentedly, "wasn't it sweet of him?"

And not until she was Nell's sister-in-law did Ray discover the cause of her friend's long, hearty laugh.

ELMA GEARON, '09.

## "The Merchant of Venice"

Hello, Jimmy! How's de papers? Only seven left? Good. Say, did youse go to the show last night? No? Well, it was the "Moichant of Venice," and it was soitanly there a few. I'll tell youse all about it. In the foist act, a guy what was called Bassanio, come out with his old side-kicker, Antonio. Bassey tells him that he is broke and wants to get some off him for to court a goil in Belmont, so he says! "Antonio, youse have always been on de level wid me an' I wants youse to do me a little foiver. Can youse separate youse-self from tree thous- and guilders for a bit of a time?"

"Den Bassey," says Tony, an' dere was real tears in his eyes, "I can't do it,

fer I ain't got de tin just now, but I'll put youse dead wise to someting what's will make a noise like tin.

"We'll go to de Jew what runs de second-handed store and ask him fer de dough and I'll stand for it." Sure, Jimmy, dats strait.

So dat settled it, and dey went to Shylock de Jew and got the money all right, all right, but Tony had to sign an Alfred David what said dat if he didn't come thro wid de tin on time de Jew would slice a pound of his meat off instead of getting his tin.

Then Bassey went to Belmont and got his goil, Poishia, all right, an' say, Jim, she was a peach. Dressed all up to kill in silks, dimon rings and all kinds of



junk, just like old Abe Rufe had down town in his junkatorium.

Wait a minute, Jimmy, till I lights dis snipe and I'll tell youse someting else 'bout Poishia and Bassey. Bassey gets to de house and finds dat he has to gamble fer his goil, so he goes right in and starts de game rollin' by guessin' what boiler had her picture in it. Dey had tree boilers in de room an' dey were all filled up full of money. Yes, real money, fer I stood up and saw fer me-self. De guy called de boilers caskets, but I am skeered ter call 'em caskets 'cause it makes me tink of poor ol Schmitz what got run over by de street cars last winter, and de wagon come an' trew him right in a casket an' droove away faster than I can say, "Extra paper."

Well, dat Bassey drew de right card, I guess, fer he opens one of dem big caskets an' yells, here I have youse picture and youse are mine, or something like it.

Den he went out of de room holdin' her hand.

Well, de papers wid Tony's name spelled on dem come dew, an' Ol Tony couldn't make a noise like money, so de old Jew puts him right in de can 'till de day set fer de big trial.

The other guy (Bassey), hears dis an' offers Shylock twice as much tin, but he wouldn't do it, but says, dat he wants de piece of meat off de poor Dago, and dat's all. Say, Jimmy, ain't he a square head?

Tink of twice as much tin all fer nodin'! After dis, Bassey flies de coop an' his wife, fixed up like a lawyer man, an' goes along just like you do when I gets a customer. Yure a mistake anyhow, you Jim. Poishia makes out dat she is a lawyer man, an' say, Jimmy, dat goil fake'd dat game tlier in great style.

Foist she makes Shylock tink he has de case sinched, an' den she lets in on him, mind youse. She told dat Jew dat if he spilt a drop of blood while he was gettin' his meat he would be killed fer moider. You just auter saw dat garlic-eater cool off! Then Poishia says, "Youse Shylock, give half of yer tin to de Dago an' de rest to yer dafter." De Jew howled an' tried to tear his hair, but he had a skatin' rink just like ol Abe's what offered me 15c fer a pair of good shoes what I stole from de ol man.

Den she dug fer home an' got dere before Bassey. Prethy soon she lets on dat she was de lawyer, and de Dago couldn't hardly hold himself when he herd how slick it worked. Well, dat's de way de show ended, but I shot a spitball at a electrick lamp and broke it. De cop says, give me a quarter and it will be O. K. I did, and I just know dat de sun of a gun will keep it fer he put it in his pocket.

Give us a paper fer de old man an' I'll see youse at de Central to-morrow, sure. So long.

M. S. BERRY, '10.

## The Trunk Thieves

It was my first real case after I had received my appointment at the Pinkerton Detective Agency at New York, and of course I was very anxious to make a fine showing and convince the authorities that I could unravel a complicated case. It has been many years since that date, and now I am an old "one" and

have had my day as a detective, but I will proceed to relate my first case as well as my memory can recall it:

The events of the story which I am about to relate happened at a large resort on the Atlantic Coast in Florida, and where very many of the wealthiest people of the Northern States flock when

the season opens, always bringing to their "cottages" their fine silverware, carriages, horses and the thousands of dollars that are spent upon dress.

It so happened that for a number of seasons there were always many trunks and much other baggage lost which could not be found. The baggage always arrived at the depot safely, but then it dropped out of sight. So it was to the interest of the railroad company to find out by what means and how these trunks disappeared.

I arrived upon the scene just after a trunk belonging to one of the wealthiest families had mysteriously disappeared.

I went to the best hotel in the resort and after spending two days in learning all the facts I decided upon a scheme by which I thought I could catch the so-called "Trunk Fiends."

About twenty miles from the resort in M—— there was a trunk factory, so one morning I visited the works and ordered a trunk made of heavy material with very heavy binding. The trunk was to be five and a half feet in length, three feet in height and two and a half feet wide, with two holes on each side about six inches from the end. These holes were covered over by a brass plate in which were scrolls. The scrolls were cut so that the plate would not look suspicious. The trunk was to be delivered to the depot as soon as completed.

While my trunk was being made I became acquainted with all the employes of the depot. There was one fellow whom I was more than interested in; he was the man who had the care of the trunks in the baggage room. I went out to supper a number of times with him and we became great friends. The baggage master and I were old friends, and he helped me in the chase.

It was early one morning when I received a message from the trunk factory that my trunk would arrive the following morning, and that very day I learned that the richest society belle of New York was to arrive—a Mrs. "Spendall-youcan," as we will call her. So the baggage master telegraphed to the New York depot at which her baggage had been checked and learned the check num-

bers. That afternoon the baggage master and I held a conference in his office making arrangements for the next morning. I was to go right to the baggage car as soon as the train arrived, get into my trunk, while the baggageman on the car took the check from Mrs. "Spendall-youcan's" trunk and placed it on mine. The trunk was then to be placed in the baggage room on end of the pile and the other trunk to be taken to the baggage master's office. Results were sure to be had if there were any plans on foot by the thieves.

I was up bright and early the next morning and went down to the station. I visited my friend, the baggage clerk, and enjoyed a little chat, or at least he did. About fifteen minutes before train time the baggage master and the baggage clerk were suddenly called over to the postoffice by a fictitious message and detained until after the train had left. When the train pulled in I jumped in the baggage car, and by the time they were ready to unload the trunks I was safely stowed away in my trunk. After quite a bit of rolling and throwing around I arrived in the baggage room, but to my disgust they had set me down wrong end up, but after a few minutes of struggle I righted myself and was again upon my feet. My part of the game was ready, and now it was their move, and I should have to be patient and wait until something happened. Many of the other trunks were called for and taken away, but no one came to take mine.

I waited and waited. I could easily see everything that went on in the room through my peek holes. Once in the middle of the afternoon the baggage clerk stole quickly and unobserved up to my trunk and fingered the check and then slid the trunk along a little ways. It was getting late and I was getting very tired and hungry, but that was a small matter. I heard the clock in the room strike five o'clock, and in a half hour they would all go and leave me alone. But soon the baggage clerk called for a helper and my trunk was carried out to the platform and then placed in an express wagon.

It seemed a long journey. Finally the

wagon was run into a barn, the horses unhitched, and then I heard the express man and some one else talking. They were to go back to the station and get Henry, the baggage room clerk, and then come back and carry the trunk into the house.

I waited patiently until everything was quiet and then I carefully lifted the lid and crawled out. It was very dark, and glancing at my luminous-faced watch I found that we had been two hours on our trip. I then put a number of cobblestones in the trunk and carefully locked the lid.

After listening and satisfying myself that it was safe to proceed, I first investigated the barn and then the yard. About 100 feet from the barn stood a large white house, and I crept around this, trying to find out if there was anyone inside. There were no lights and I went out into the street. Here, to my joy, I found myself on the outskirts of the resort, and not near the home of Mrs. "Spendallyoucan." I knew now that I had succeeded in spotting my thieves. But how was I to capture them alone?

After a short walk and a pipe of tobacco an idea came to me. I telephoned to the police and asked for a detail of four policemen to come with all haste to the house.

I had become very impatient before they arrived, as the time grew shorter. After relating my story I placed them in hiding among the dense shrubbery in the back yard. When I gave a long whistle they were to get to the steps of the house as quickly as possible.

In about a half hour, which seemed ages to me, there was a slight noise in

the barn, and in about five minutes three men came into sight, two carrying their prize, while the third party made a hasty survey of the house and yard, but luckily he didn't succeed in spotting any of my men. They were just entering the rear entrance of the house when I gave a long whistle, and the men were there and each had the thieves covered with their revolvers. It was quick work and the thieves were so surprised that they dropped the trunk and stood dumb-founded. They were immediately placed under arrest and taken away, while two of us remained to search the house and make investigations.

I must say they were crack thieves and had played their game to the finish. Not even the minutest detail had been forgotten.

Afterwards it was learned that they had accomplices in Canada and Mexico, where the goods were sold and then the funds divided among the gang.

The clerk had a fine chance to do this sort of business, as he could let a trunk through the window without its having the proper check number, and the express man was one who did the biggest drayage business in the town, while the third party was the baggage room helper.

I should never have suspected anything to be going on among the employees, as they had been watched before, had not the baggage room clerk made two or three remarks about certain people and their vast amount of wealth and silverware.

So, by putting two and two together, I solved my problem and made a name for myself.

GEORGE EARLE PHILLIPS, '11.

## A Day in the Forests

Some months ago, during my summer vacation, I was camping in a very heavily timbered part of the Sierra Nevada

Mountains. In this particular part of the mountains there were rolling hills having an elevation of about 8000 feet.

Many wild animals were inhabitants of the low underbrush, which was very plentiful among the timber. There was occasionally a little meadow surrounded by very dense thickets of chapparel.

One evening I decided that I would go fishing the next day to a lake six miles from camp, where there were fish in abundance.

After some time of very hard climbing I came to the lake and found that the fish were biting remarkably well. But the heavens had filled with large black clouds which threatened rain.

Near the lake was a thick clump of fir trees, and I made up my mind if it began to rain that I would go there and build a fire and wait until it stopped raining. But, fortunately, the rain did not come near the lake, but in the distance on the tops of some high peaks I could see it pouring down and could occasionally hear a loud peal of thunder and see a brilliant flash of lightning.

I stayed at the lake until about five o'clock in the evening, and, concluding that I had all the fish that I could carry with ease, I started on my journey to camp. After I had traveled some four miles through the timber and underbrush, night came on, and as it was nearly the dark of the moon it made it very black among the pines. When I was within about two miles of camp I came to a meadow of considerable size. Walking to the edge of the meadow and

into a small clearing some distance from any trees, I saw on the opposite side of the clearing a black object which seemed to be moving, and at times to be looking at me and making signs of coming toward me. The object was near the trail. It was now very dark, and what was to be done? The mountain rose straight up on one side, while on the right side of the meadow was a big swamp which made it next to impossible to get around that way.

My heart came into my throat and I did not know what to do. I stopped and listened for a moment; all was still, but occasionally I imagined I heard a noise in the brush. I took another look at the black thing. It seemed to be moving toward me.

Suddenly I saw the image of a bear as it turned sidewise. With the terrible fear of being killed and the horrors of being torn by its claws in my heart, I fled to the tallest and nearest pine on the edge of the meadow. As I ran I dropped my bag of fish on a limb and climbed to the top of the tree as quickly as possible.

Here I spent my night watching the maneuvers of the bear. But after a long cramped night morning broke, I saw to my shame and disgust that all that had guarded the trail and kept me treed during the long night was a gnarled black stump distorted by my overwrought imagination.

L. H. BAXTER, '10.

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## The Problem of Athletics

One of the greatest questions before us to-day is to keep strength and health up to a standard in the large towns and cities.

Physical culture has done a great deal toward raising the standard, but then the majority are not benefited. Physical culture in most cases is compulsory, as in

grammar schools, where marching and exercises have to be taken as a part of the work. But often in this the youngster sees no play, and it is a bore to him.

Now, a boy gives us the idea play. Nature in the first place made boys to play and enjoy themselves while growing. Later in life we change. As Mr. Merrill has remarked, "A boy of five years is all play and no work, but when a man is fifty years old he is all work and no play."

Play, then, is a necessary part of a boy. From the time he is big enough to walk all he has in his mind is to play. If he meets a friend the first thing he can do is to try to beat the friend at something, and if he succeeds he becomes as proud as a victorious gamecock.

Boys in the country have freedom unlimited. The boy in the city has no open country, and only here and there a vacant lot. Still he has the play in him, and must let it out.

Here is where the organized athletes in high schools have one advantage, and that is of having a field or recreation ground. The boys that work in large stores have advanced somewhat in this line.

This high school organization, however, has had a tendency for a few to overdo athletics, while the greater majority are not benefited. The old way used to be a "Free-for-all" in the back lot.

This problem is the greatest of all at present in the high school system of athletics. Under the present conditions it is almost impossible for a student to be prominent in athletics without sacrificing a large part of his preparatory education. He is almost sure to miss some important part of his high school work which will make his chances of getting into college rather slim. Again, he has a still smaller chance of getting through college after getting in, if he continue his athletics.

On this very point Mr. Merrill has this to say: "If a million advocates of athletics were to tell me that athletics, as a rule, do not interfere with studies, I would still hold my opinion to the contrary, because my judgment of the matter is based on my personal experiences in college and my careful observations during a period of nineteen years as a high school teacher." He also adds: "I could not say the outlook is not hopeful, but we must not close our eyes to the fact that there is a great problem ahead to bring athletics under proper control."

RALPH HUPP, '09.

Editor's Note.—The great good in athletics is that they guide and direct this "play" element in youths into channels which develop the body, fairness and manliness, and above all the ability to stay with a thing. A successful athlete must have each one of these attributes.

The above article, by one of our foremost track men, speaks for itself.

## "Long Davis" Demise

One evening, last August, I was in Prescott, Arizona, on my periodical tour of the Southwest in the interest of the B. and G. Boot and Shoe Company of San Francisco. I was stopping at the Golden Eagle Hotel.

After supper on this particular evening I strolled out on the veranda, where "Pop" Weston, the proprietor and genial host of the hostelry was sitting in a chair tilted against the wall, enjoying a quiet smoke.

Drawing a chair up beside him, I tilted against the wall, pulling at my cigar for a few moments in silence, allowing my eyes to wander up and down the street. "You don't appear to have an overstock of gayety in this town," I finally remarked.

"Waal, now, as fer that," answered "Pop," "its all from the pint of view you take.

"Its jest two weeks ago that too much gayety was the direct cause of the cuttin' off of one of our prominent citizens, 'Long Dave,' by name."

After a few puffs at his pipe "Pop" continued: "This yere 'Long Dave' was foreman over to the Spencer Bros. outfit, which is about forty-five miles out yonder;" pointing his right thumb over his left shoulder.

"Waal, its jest two weeks since this yere 'Long Dave' came lopin' over with three months pay in his pockets and a feelin' of good will in his heart. After stablin' his pony, he proceeded to renew acquaintances, and accordin' sauntered into the 'Flowin' Bowl.'

"After consoomin' considerable 'bug juice' in renewin' and makin' acquaintances, Dave 'lowed he'd stroll over ter see his old friend Pete Flynn, who was turnin' faro at the 'Old Corner.'

"As Dave rolled along the street he spied two Greasers sittin' in the shade

of old Manuel's dance hall, a thumbnin' guitars.

"It was at this pint that 'Long Dave's' sence of humor and desire for gayety came bulblin' to the surface. Drawin' his '38,' he informed them Greasers that they was engaged to amuse him by singin' and music until further notice.

"The show begun immediately, and several Mexican melodies was sung with much feelin', Dave markin' time with his '38'.

"Finally them Greasers decided they'd please Dave a heap by singin' 'Home, Sweet Home' in English, and mebbe deluding him into the idee that the show was over. Yer know them Greasers are that onderhand and sneaky.

"With renewed vigor they commenced that piece.

"At the end of the first half minit Dave onlimbered his gun and demolished them guitars, meantime cussin' them Greasers profuse for deliberately malignin' the American race and tongue.

"Several vaqueros came out of Manuel's to see the row, and one fellow well filled with mescal, decided to uphold the dignity of Mexico in this international dispute. When the smoke cleared away it was found that Dave's usefulness in this vale of tears, had ceased."

I acknowledged the town's claim for gayety over three fingers of 'Cyrus Noble,' which we drank to the memory of "Long Dave" as the promoter thereof

F. J. FINNEGAN, '08.

## Railroading

Andy Jordon swung aboard the great roaring monster, which was to pull the president of the company the first two hundred miles in his great race against time from one side of the continent to the other. A hurried but searching

glance, together with a slight opening and closing of several valves, convinced Andy that all was ready, he having just finished his tour of inspection with the oil-can. He gave a low whistle which brought his fireman in from the running



board where he had been for the last fifteen minutes, polishing and shining the big brass bell.

"Hello, Smoky," and "Hello, Andy," and the simple but pal-like greeting was over.

"Guess we'd better be getting along down after E. H. He gets rather queer notions, you know," said Andy, and with the sentence he gave a gentle pull on the throttle and the huge mass of iron and steel rolled almost noiselessly away from the shelter of the round-house.

A minute or so followed on the large air-propelled turntable, and then the run of but a few minutes to the great terminal depot. Andy displayed skill when maneuvering his engine in and making a coupling, which was not noticed beyond the first car, a buffet combination.

The east wing of the great depot was all astir and commotion, hurry and bustle reigned on every hand. To get the President's Special off in good shape was the supreme desire of everyone in any way connected with the safe dispatching of trains.

Even old "Rusty" was taking particular pains in the performance of his duty in his official capacity as flagman at the local traffic crossing.

Andy, the man upon whom the greatest responsibility lay, was as unconcerned and at ease as the great railroad magnate himself. A broad smile took possession of his face, though, as he reached down from his seat in the cab and grasped the hand of E. H., who had slipped forward for his usual greeting to the man at the throttle. 'Twas not the first time that the same two had shaken hands; in fact, this was Andy's sixth trip with the President. He was an old employee of the company, besides being a steady, reliable runner capable of handling the best trains in the service, as was shown over and over again. Twice he had received the pink carnation from President William McKinley, and once had he received the hearty handshake of President Theodore Roosevelt.

Pride swelled in the heart of "Smoky" as he reached down and felt also that same hearty grasp which E. H. extended

to him. Andy noticed this, and his own hand went out to his companion.

"Smoky," he said, "we'll give E. H. the ride of his life to-day, and we'll pave the way for your promotion."

"I'm with you, Andy, we'll do our best." And with that he turned and put a few finishing touches on the lamps and gauges. This completed, 197 was pronounced ready in every detail for her trip, and Andy leaned backward out of the cab window to receive the signal to leave. It was but a minute till the head brakeman raised his hand and gave his "high sign," and the big engine instantly responded to Andy's pull on the throttle, and with short, accelerated puffs moved swiftly out of the depot.

Out past the freight yards and through the factory district they sped. The houses became few and scattered, and the smoke of the city receded until it appeared only as a mere spot on the horizon. Andy had the 197 wide open and was well started on his record-breaking trip with the great E. H.

The sun had disappeared behind the undulating hills of the west and the shades of evening gathered quickly. "Smoky," as he opened the door of the fire-box, looked up at the steam-gauge and then turned abruptly and sent three heaping shovels of coal into the blazing mass which was generating the steam that was driving this huge iron monster at its terrific speed across the miles of ties and steel.

Thirty miles of straight track covered in as many minutes brought them again to a long double curve which was necessary to round a slight rise. Though he kept his eyes glued to the rails before him, Andy did not shut off his engine, until—what should appear ahead of him on the far side of the curve and partly hidden by the hill, the headlight of another engine? It was but single track in this section of the division, and with the Special speeding along at seventy miles an hour, quick thoughts and actions became necessary.

Andy made a rapid calculation of the chances for averting a collision. He called to his fireman to be ready to jump for his life. He applied the air to the



train and then threw in the emergency, and at the same time yelled, "Jump, Smoky!" They were powerless to do anything further, and both men jumped from opposite sides of the gangway at the same moment. Sparks from the grinding brakes illumined the roadbed enough to show Andy lying motionless where he fell and Smoky on his feet with an expression of awe taking possession of his countenance. Not a car length from him stood the rear of E. H.'s "private."

"Andy," he called, but received no answer. "The train's all right, Andy," but Andy heard him not. The fall had stunned him.

Consciousness returned to him the following day as he lay in a large, airy room in the railroad's hospital. An expressionless look crossed his face, and he inquired the reasons for his condition from his nurse. Slowly and carefully she told him how his presence of mind had saved the Special from destruction, and how the President had commended him.

"And Smoky?" he inquired anxiously.

"Oh, the fireman? He piloted the engine to the end of the run. He's to take an engineer's examination to-day."

"I knew it," he said, "and you say we eclipsed all previous time over the division, and to think Andy and Smoky did it!"

BEN J. SMALL, '09.

## The North Wind and the Golden Rod

1.

Cold, cold, O thou North Wind!  
And blighting's thy blast  
As thou sweep'st like a hurricane,  
Loudly and fast.

2.

The bluejay is still  
And the Vireo's "Well, well"  
Has sunk into silence  
Along the wild dell.

3.

The Golden Rod's blazing  
Is glory that's dead;  
Its honey-like fragrance  
Has long ago fled.

4.

No stone marks the place  
Where its rootlets repose;  
It shrinks in the earth  
From thy rudest of blows.

5.

It died in its beauty—  
I loved it full well—  
And thy loud trump, O Norther!  
Its death did foretell.

6.

It is dead, but its beauty  
Will live in each breast  
Of those who remember  
And loved it the best.

MARY M. RABER, '08.

## Fate

Cautiously he crawled into the tent, trying to accustom his eyes to the gloom. The sound of heavy breathing told him that he had not been discovered, and he crouched softly into a corner, to await the coming of day, and—his revenge.

Slowly the blackness, which comes just before dawn, wore away, and gave place to a faint grey streak in the sky. Dawn was coming, and with it,—his revenge.

Hours, it seemed, he waited, when suddenly, with a sigh, the sleeper turned over, opened his eyes and discovered him crouching in the corner.

"Jim!" he gasped.

"Yes, Jim," was the answer, "Jim, whom you robbed of his only hope in life; that Jim, come for his revenge. Get up."

The other half rose to a sitting posture.

"Jim," he cried, "you're not going to—"

"Get up," was his only reply.

Slowly and half-crazed with fright, the other obeyed.

"Jim," he pleaded, "I didn't—"

"Shut up," ordered the other. "Now fix up that fire and get some grub."

Trembling so that he could hardly move, the other threw some dry sticks upon the few live coals which were left, and in a few minutes had a small fire going. "Grub" consisted of fried bacon, flapjacks and coffee, during which silence reigned supreme.

When they had finished the other started to put the tin plate and cups away, but Jim stayed him.

"You'll not need those again," he said.

A plate rattled to the ground and the other stared at him for a full minute. Then the meaning of these last words were made doubly clear by the look in Jim's eyes—that look, almost animal-like, which only those who have seen it in the eyes of others, whose inward passions were mastering them, can understand. He tried to speak, but his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth and he could not utter a sound. Then Jim spoke again.

"For nine years I have hunted for you;

nine long years of waiting, till at last I've found you; you, Sam Jordan, the man who murdered the wife I had sworn to protect. You ran away and thought I wouldn't find you, but when the police gave up the search I took it up alone, and I've found you; thank God I've found you. And now I'm going to kill—kill you as you did her, with the hands that once clasped yours in friendship."

The face of the other went deadly white at these last words, and he threw himself upon his knees before Jim. Then all the terror of his soul seemed to burst forth.

"God, Jim," he cried, "have mercy on me. I didn't mean to kill her. I was drunk at the time and didn't know what I was doing. Every night since that awful day, which made me a fugitive from my own shadow, I have dreamed of her and seen her face before me with that awful look of reproach upon it. It has haunted me until I have gone nearly mad. I have suffered enough, God knows, and now, Jim, don't kill me; oh, please don't. Let me live to forget it and I'll make you rich for—"

His words ended in a gasp; Jim's hands clutched his throat. Back and forth he dragged him, shaking him as a dog would a rat, and choking him until his eyes turned upward and his face became purple. His breath was coming in short gasps now, and in a few seconds even that ceased. It was about over, and—

But a change was going on within Jim. His eyes glared, his lips quivered, his muscles stood out in huge knots. He was mad; insane with the desire to kill, kill, kill. Something within his head snapped, his grip relaxed, the lifeless body of his victim fell to the floor. His revenge was complete.

Turning, he dashed out of the tent to find himself in the midst of a howling blizzard. On and on he ran in the very face of the storm. His limbs became numb, yet he dared not stop, for those little things with the red-hot irons would catch him if he did. More and more were

coming, yet he dared not look back. He shrieked; one of the little imps had struck him with his iron. But he would get even; he would catch that little devil some time and kill him. Another struck him; he would get that one, too. Then another and another, till he was covered

with red-hot irons, and each little imp was laughing and saying, "I am Fate." He stumbled, and as he did so he stepped off into space. He was going down, down, down. When he struck the bottom of the crevasse all hatred, remorse and torture ceased forever.

FRED B. HORNICK, '10.

## To a Mocking Bird

I.

A plague on thee! Thou loud-voiced chorister;

A plague on thy wild whistled song!  
As though the wee small hours you do  
your best

To cheer your neighbors' dreams  
along.

II.

While they would fain of restful sleep  
partake,

You'd rather mock with careless grace,  
In whistle, warble and shrill, screeching  
noise,

The other songsters of your race.

III.

Just now it is a sweet canary song

Which floats upon the midnight air;  
And then perchance, upon some roadside  
fence,

A blackbird tells of his snug lair.

IV.

A lark now fills the night with music  
strong.

And now a finch adds his wee voice;  
Then all the little dwellers of the trees,  
In chorus sing their anthems choice.

V.

Pray tell us now, though it is pitchy  
dark,

And all the other creatures sleep,  
Why you should be so wholly wide  
awake,

To greet with song the silence deep.

HAZEL HENDERSON, '08.

## The Ancient Sugar Barrel

This pre-empted thing had been claimed by each village official as his throne, and deep cut into it were the initials of each rustic oracle. In the warmth of summer its broad seat in the cool, quiet grocery was for the plumber, the blacksmith, or other village characters in search of rest.

While in the stormy days of winter it

allured the idle farmers and lazy politicians to sit there at ease, and whittle the splinters from its staves, as they decided the great question of the day. As the years go by this heel-battered barrel seems to assume the very attitudes of the rural prophet, solid and peaceful argumentiveness.

G. JOHNSON, '10.

## "The Last Stage"

"Yes," said my driver, as he skillfully guided the horses around a mudhole in the rough mountain road, "it hasn't been a matter of many years since stages run through these parts 'stead of trains. I used to drive some myself then. 'Twas when ole' Bill Mason owned the line. But Bill himself was the best driver that ever cracked a four-horse whip. You ought to seen him handle the ribbons—just as neat and pretty as you please. Bill and me were good friends, and when he stopped driving and just settled down to bossing the job, I took it. It's a life worth living, if it is hard, bad weather. Did you ever drive a stage, friend? No, well you don't know what you've missed. I tell you, that puts life in you to start way up there in them old mountains before sun-up, just you, maybe; you and the mail sacks and your six-shooter. You start early when everything's fresh and the pines are dark and still, and as you come on down and the sun shows first over the tops of them blue mountains, you're glad you're living; mighty glad you've got sech an earth to live on. I used to be, as I cracked that whip and put the leaders around the turns good and brisk. Drivin' four horses is much more interestin' than drivin' two like this. Anybody can drive two, but four, well, that takes some skill. But I'm gettin' off the trail. I was going to tell you about the last stage that ever drove over this mountain.

"You see that railroad track across the canyon there. That was finished along the last of the year, and they sent word to Bill that New Year's Day the first train would carry the mail. The last day of the year would see the last of the good ole stage. Bill an' I hated to see the time come. Some way Bill didn't like trains; neither did I. He always said they looked too big and clumsy and not natural enough for these parts, an' I thought so, too.

"One night after I'd fed the team and was givin' the big wiry bay leader an ex-

tra polish (Bill allus liked to see the team look well an' so did I), Bill come into the stable and says kinder sad like, 'Jim,' he says, 'Guess our day's nearly over. Seems to me like life isn't much worth living without the horses and the stage, and, Jim,' he said, 'you'll let me drive the last run, my boy. I must handle the ribbons over the four once more,' and out he went an' I rubbed every one o' those old fellows over again.

"Did you ever see stage horses much? They're different than these little fellows. Not too big, but large boned, well put together, wiry and strong, not handsome exactly, yet I thought those teams o' Bill's the prettiest criters in the world. Well, so the last o' December came. Bill left camp up there in the mountains early. 'Twas dark yet and the stars were twinkling in the cold sky. I hooked up by the light of a lantern and rode down to the little postoffice with him an' I helped to throw in the mail bags and see that everything was all right. I can see Bill yet as he sat upon the driver's seat, holding the lines between his knees while he drew on his fur gloves. He was all alone; there was no passengers, and when the mail was safe inside, Bill gathered up the ribbons and unfurled the four-horse whip. 'Good-bye boys,' he said, kind o' husky like. 'It's the last stage you'll ever see running thro these mountains,' an' they started an' I stood and watched till the ole wagon got out o' sight an' the rattle died away.

"I thought o' Bill a good deal that day, 'specially at the changes when he'd take a fresh team. The roads were bad, for that December had been a wet month, with no snow. 'Twas kind o' like it is now—muddy roads and green grass all around, and I knew about four o'clock Bill would reach the last relay station; it's up the road aways. I'll show you the place when we get there. I knew the team he'd get then; spirited critters, they were—a brown and a bay for wheelers and two

grey leaders—Bill's favorite team; mine, too. See this hill we're coming to (get in there, you black mustang). Well, it was the worst piece of road on the run then. Let a horse take his time goin' up it, like we are, and it's all right, but coming down was a mighty hard little piece of business, an' I never liked that team for it. They fought for their heads too much. Well, it grew dark early that day. That's about all I know about it, but I guess maybe Bill felt kind o' wild like. He was an awful darin' fellow where only himself was concerned and I guess he kind o' let the old fellows go. And away."

My driver was silent for a moment, then he pointed with the whip down in the canyon far below us. "You see that pine tree down there? The team got

away, I guess. We found what was left of them down there in the morning. 'Twas New Year's mornin', clear and cold and bright like this, and just as we found them (it was about this time) the fast train, carrying the U. S. mail sacks, came puffing around that mountain—there it is now."

There was a shrill whistle as the engine came laboring around the turn across the canyon. My driver leaned back in his seat. "Yes," he said softly, very softly, "it was the last stag: that ever run thro these mountains," and he listened as from the distance came the last clear whistle of the retreating train, and we turned and gazed back to where, in the canyon below us, a pine tree rose, tall and still and alone.

CLAIRE HODGES, '09.

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## Jimmy

A poor little scraggly yellow dog ran back and forth through the park, on the driveways, on the walks and through the shrubbery, but still the thing, tied to his tail that morning by a "gang" in the tenement district, pursued him.

Finding that running did no good, he crawled under some bushes to think it over, and decided to go out on the lighted streets, where perhaps some one would free him from the thing that had so persistently pursued him all day.

At least it was worth trying, so he started back across the park, walking slowly, so that the thing would not make so much noise.

In a deep shadow he heard a strange sound, and as it is dog nature to be inquisitive he proceeded to investigate.

Seated on a pile of unsold newspapers, his head pillowed on his arms, was a small yellow-haired boy, sobbing quietly,

but with a feeling that betokened deep grief; it was Jimmy.

Jimmy noticed the dog and also the bell tied to his tail, and immediately untied the string which was tightly wound around the tail and knotted in a very thorough manner.

The dog showed no inclination to leave, and Jimmy, after a good deal of coaxing, succeeded in holding him in his arms.

Now his grief burst out anew and he told the dog of his mother's death and how he had been forced to give up the two rooms he had occupied with her; those two rooms were the only home Jimmy had known, and he hated the thought of leaving them.

The dog licked his face in such a sympathetic manner that Jimmy was sure he understood everything.

In this manner they passed the night together.

Next morning Jimmy, while purchasing his papers, decided that the dog must have a name, as the news "dat Jimmy Fear had a real dog" quickly spread among his friends and he received constant questions concerning him.

Jimmy's mother had often told him of a pet dog called Fritz she had had when a girl, and to Jimmy no name seemed more fitting for his dog than Fritz, and in a short time the dog grew to know his name.

A week after the naming of Fritz, Jimmy found a large packing case in the rear of a wholesale store, and thereafter Jimmy and Fritz made it their home.

Weeks passed, and as Jimmy's love for Fritz increased he forgot to a certain extent his grief and turned his mind to his business, as he termed it.

Jimmy had seen posters and circus bills displaying in brilliant colors the wonderful feats performed by troupes of trained animals, and he decided to try to train Fritz.

Fritz proved an apt pupil and his tricks were soon known to many of Jimmy's newsboy friends.

One bright June morning when business was exceedingly good, Jimmy, in supplying his customers, lost track of Fritz, but did not think much about it until he heard a frightened yelp, and on looking in the direction from which the sound came, he saw Fritz vainly trying to cross the crowded street alone.

Jimmy saw the danger his little friend was in, dashed out into the crowded street and picked Fritz up in his arms, then started back again to the sidewalk.

He had hardly started back when he heard the honk-honk of an approaching automobile, and started to run, but it was too late; just as his foot touched the curb the big machine swerved round the corner and struck him. He knew no more until he was awakened by the sound of some one speaking, and then he became aware of a dull ache in his head and a very painful bruise on his side; on opening his eyes he was surprised to see a bright-looking young man holding a little black satchel talking gravely to a nurse, who seemed to have charge of the room in which his bed was placed.

Jimmy immediately started to ask questions, but the nurse quietly told him to close his eyes and lie still.

Jimmy's leg had to be amputated, and during his long state of convalescence he was frequently visited by Mr. Castor, the owner of the machine which had caused the accident.

One day Mr. Castor brought Fritz to the hospital, and Jimmy was wonderfully happy at again seeing the faithful little dog.

He begged so hard to keep his dog with him that after a great deal of persuasion on the part of Mr. Castor he was allowed to stay, and after that Fritz and Jimmy were constantly together.

Mr. Castor had an artificial leg made for Jimmy, and later bought him a news stand in a good location.

Jimmy's business increased a great deal over that done by the previous owner, as Fritz proved quite an attraction, and his jolly good nature and ready smile caused people to remember him and return for the smile and their papers.

R. E. CHATFIELD, '10.



## The Last Charge

All was bustle in that camp, the camp of the Fifth Maryland. The troops were preparing for the march on the Apaches. Cussing was one of the important elements which made up the noise.

But there was one, Charley Peyton, a medium-sized trooper, with black, curly hair, and dark brown eyes, who did not mingle with the general run of soldiers. His kit was packed, and he stood dreamily gazing at a portrait, the portrait of a young girl, with dark brown hair and blue eyes.

A half an hour later, and the troops were on the march, the men joking and laughing good-naturedly, little dreaming of the impending disaster, so close at hand.

Suddenly, in the distance the sharp crack of the Winchester is heard, which is followed by a volley, and the Creek guides, sent out as an advance guard, hurry back pell-mell to the main body of troops, shouting, "Apaches! The Apaches!"

The men coolly load their rifles and form a skirmish line in advance. The main body halts, and the left and right wings spread out, the skirmishers hurrying forward. Five minutes elapse, and then upon the quietness burst out the shrill Apache war whoop. Then a turmoil of sounds; the sharp crack of the Winchester, the shrill whoops of the redskin, mingle with the hoarse cry of the troopers and the dull bark of the Remingtons.

The smoke clears away, and the Marylanders are seen in full retreat, the Indians hot-foot after them.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The lieutenant and a private in the front ranks fall, the former stone dead.

Then a sharp volley, the color-bearer wavers, he falls. No, he is up again, bleeding from a wound in his side. Peyton staggers, a bullet has hit him in the fleshy part of his leg.

Crack! Crack!

The flag-bearer falls, the flagstaff broken in two. A sergeant picks it up, crying:

"Never mind, boys, 'Old Glory' hasn't gone under yet."

Volley follows volley, dealing terrible destruction in the ranks of the Marylanders. The redskins have long since taken to cover. Another death-dealing volley, and one-half of the men remain.

"Oh God, if we could only see them," groans a big soldier. A second later and he, too, falls, a bullet in his brain.

Where are the colors?

Ah! there they are! That sergeant has them where they belong, in the front of the battle. He staggers and falls, but the flag is caught up and waved defiantly by a diminutive trooper. A moment later he is stricken down, but again the colors are saved, this time by a gigantic Marylander, wounded in many places, but still game. There are but thirty men left.

"Charge! Charge the devils, boys! Come on, boys! Follow me!" yells the giant. The men follow this brave fellow.

Crack! crack! crack! crack!

The giant is down, but the colors still charge! Another volley, and another, and there are but ten men left, Peyton among them.

The bugler boy sounds the charge, but it ends in a death rattle in his throat. Peyton snatches the bugle and the clear notes of "the charge" ring out. The remnants charge, the colors rapidly changing hands.

A volley, and Peyton stands alone, the colors in one hand, the bugle in the other.

"Three cheers for 'Old Glory,'" he shouts.

Crack! Crack!

Peyton is hit! He puts the bugle to his lips and then sounds out the clear, mellow notes, "The Charge."

WALTER DREYER, '10.



## Ben: A Clever Horse

It was last summer when I was up North when I first came across Ben. He was assisting in the erection of some telegraph poles along a railroad, and he was working as intelligently as any of the men.

There was a certain independence about the horse that made him trustworthy to a remarkable degree. He knew what was expected of him as soon as breakfast was finished as well as any man in the gang, in fact better than some of them. His first duty was to walk over a bridge across the river which separated him from his field of labor. This he did unattended, although the bridge was a rickety affair consisting of what are called sleepers, some distance apart.

His orders from his master were brief, and seldom required repetition. "All ready, Ben! Go on!" With a low whinny the horse would back out of the stall, rub his nose gently on his master's shoulder, and then take up his line of march.

Upon reaching the bridge, which was a short distance from the stable, Ben usually stopped a moment, as if considering. Then he would put one foot on the first sleeper, as if to test its strength, and finding it all right he would begin his cautious walk across. People who were in the habit of watching him closely noticed that while he used his fore feet with the same confidence as when he was on level ground, he felt his way more cautiously with his hind feet.

Once across the river, Ben's work for the day was fairly begun. He understood perfectly that his next duty was to report for service. He would walk leisurely up

through a gang of men until he came to the one who had charge of him during working hours. Then he would back around and wait patiently, five, ten, fifteen minutes, if necessary, for a long pole with chain attachment to be fastened to him.

This pole Ben knew was to be carried to a certain hole and left there, and he also knew that the next pole he carried was to be left at a hole just ahead. When he reached his destination he would back around and leave the pole almost at the edge of the hole where it was to be set up, stand until some one came to unhitch the chain and throw it over his back, then go for another pole, wait for it to be hitched on, and start off again without a word being spoken. All day the horse plodded back and forth, never once making the mistake of leaving two poles at the same hole.

Ben knew, just as well as the men, when the noon bell rang. Then, instead of keeping on in his work, he would walk over in the direction of the restaurant where he dined, which was a shed nearby, and there he would stand until his rations were dealt out to him. His water he always went for himself.

Everybody in the vicinity knew and loved the horse, and spoke to him as if addressing a companion. Many a juicy apple accompanied by a loving pat varied the monotony of his daily round of duties. And when the time came for Ben to leave for other fields of labor there was a feeling of genuine sorrow in the community, as at the loss of a faithful companion and friend.

L. M. PEARLMAN, '09.

# TIGERETTES

## THE CAPTAIN.

A black and gold sweater was tied carelessly around his nut brown neck. Big leather pads doubled the size of his broad, well set shoulders. His arms were folded across his chest that very few men could boast of. Baggy football trousers covered the greater part of his short, but sinewy legs. Shin guards and light weight shoes completed his wearing apparel.

Straight, brownish red hair covered his freckled forehead. His cheeks were a mass of freckles. His eyes were the sort of grey that looked right through you. They were the kind that read your thoughts. If you chanced to meet this person a few days before a football game you would be sure to give him the price of a ticket.

STANLEY DURBROW, '11.

## BEFORE SUNRISE.

It's just a little speck on the sky way down the bay. There is a whispered "Get down," and you crouch behind the blind. Here they come up the bay with their necks stretched forward, and you hear the soft whistling sound of their wings. They see the decoys and drop and circle. They are almost in range now. They circle once again and you cry "Now!" and jump up and fire, and out of the sky drop three big canvasbacks and hit the water with a splash. You are happy—how happy no one can guess unless one is a sport and has been there.

## THE OTHER SIDE.

You who condemn us and call us brutes, were you ever on the other side? Have you ever experienced the thrill as when creeping along the brush line you jumped and knocked your first buck, and your hands trembled so from excitement that you couldn't hold the knife steady enough to finish him; or blazed into a whirling mass of quail and see two or three fold their wings and drop? Have you ever stood in a blind when your toes ached from the cold and see the big leader of the flock stiff winged and hit

the water with a splash after you shot at him? If you have done any of these things, and still call us brutes, where is the red blood that is supposed to be coursing through your veins?

R. FINN, '11.

## THE JOYS OF DRIVING.

Have you ever speeded? Have you ever felt the wind tug at your cap with vain hands? Have you ever seen the landscape blur because of the speed? Have you ever felt the wild exhilaration of speeding? But better than all this, have you ever held the wheel and felt the car respond to your every motion? Have you ever opened the throttle and felt the machine jump ahead under your touch and then settle down to the faster pace? Have you ever felt a car move under your control like a living thing? If you haven't you don't know what you've missed.

HORACE HIRSCHLER, '11.

## TWILIGHT.

The odor of honeysuckle hung heavy upon the air; the bees hummed lazily as they flitted from flower to flower. With a faint ripple the creek outside the vine-clad wall ran by. The sun, a great golden ball, dropped over the mountains leaving the heavens red and gold. The great bell tolled and the sweet-faced nuns passed into the chapel, which stood like a shadow against the evening sky. Floating out upon the breeze came the sweet sound of soft singing. Then all was quiet and night stole softly on.

YNID OSTROM, '11.

## IT WASN'T LOADED.

"There's something." "I see it," and away they went, following a small rabbit, that had been eyeing them for some time. Across the field, over the fence they go, half killing their horses for the sake of a poor little rabbit, that's not worth the trouble of walking a block for, across a small stream and into the woods,

where they lose sight of him. They find him in a small glade and the chase begins again.

Down the gorge they fly and out, by the railroad track. The rabbit crosses and sits, mocking the two stumped horsemen. But they find a place where the fence is broken and outwitted bunny dashes for the woods again. Once more he puzzles them, and warily watches their movements as they search for some sign of him. One of the hunters catches a slight movement out of the corner of his eye. This time he is in range. He raises his gun, takes quick aim, pulls the trigger. The only response, as the intended victim drops down his hole, is a sharp "click," for it wasn't loaded.

EDWIN M. JACOBS, '11.

#### SIR WILLIAM GOAT'S DIET.

On Monday I ate a flannel shirt,  
On Tuesday a silk bandanna;  
On Wednesday a cravenette I tried,  
On Thursday on the line I spied  
A pair of socks all nicely dried,  
Which I ate in a dainty manner.

Friday 'pon shirtwaists I dined,  
Which gave me indigestion;  
What I should eat on Saturday  
Was a very vital question.  
Sunday I didn't feel quite right,  
And didn't care for dinner.  
I really had no appetite  
After being such a sinner.

ANDREW DAVIS, JR., '11.

## Ode to the Naughty-Eight

Scatter o'er it lilies blest,  
Ne'er shroud it in cypress gray,  
The spot on yon mountain's crest,  
The scene of our fiercest fray.

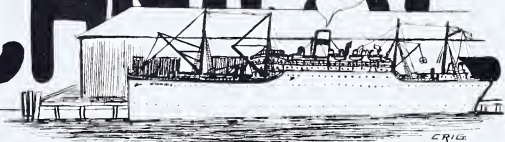
May thoughts of freshmanhood be blest;  
May the spirit of youth be free,  
To down a haughty sophomore's crest  
With a stroke, for he cannot be!

'Twas a mighty class of freshmen  
Gathered from parts unknown:  
Their right to live they did defend  
By their very flesh and bones.

Three years their school thoughts still  
rose  
To heights almost divine;  
But when the fourth has made its close  
How many will we find?

G. MITCHELL, '08.

# TECHNICAL



## Traction Engines and a Few of the Various Uses to Which They are Being Adapted

Many persons do not realize that the traction engine is of great value in modern farming. The uses of a traction engine around a farm are many, ranging from the running of all sorts of farming machinery to hauling the farm produce to the market. The engine will do the work of a large number of horses, and do it in much less time; for instance, the plowing of the soil, a tractor may draw from five to ten plows, thus turning from five to ten furrows in the time it would take two horses drawing a plow to turn one.

The modern traction engine consists of a boiler similar to that of a railroad locomotive, which is mounted upon four large wheels of broad tread. Upon the top of the boiler, the engine is placed; in most cases this is a simple slide-valve engine. The connection between the gearing on the engine and the driving wheels is effected by a differential gear, similar to that used upon automobiles. By this combination, the effort exerted by the engine is made equal at both driving wheels, even when rounding a corner. These engines are equipped with a reversing gear almost identical to that used upon locomotives. The modern tractor is so constructed as to be easily and quickly manipulated on an ordinary road. They

are generally very heavy in comparison with their size, but the coefficient of traction on a good macadamized road is very small, something like four one-hundredths. An explanation of what the coefficient of traction is, is as follows: When a rolling vehicle is moved the traction resistance includes all friction, whether sliding or rolling. This resistance may be designated as so many pounds to each ton of load, including the weight of the engine, or may be expressed as a percentage of the total load.

Besides being useful to the farmer it is almost indispensable to the lumber man. In California a great many traction lines for hauling timber are in existence. They extend in all directions from lumbering centers into the heart of the logging and sawmill districts. In place of using oxen, as was formerly the custom a few years ago, the traction engine has taken their place, and is giving excellent service in hauling logs to the mill and lumber to the railroad. It was formerly necessary to be located on a railroad, or have a logging railroad extending from the mill to the main line, but this method is much more expensive and complicated than a good road, with broad-wheeled wagons and traction engines.

An instance of their adaptability is as follows: Quite recently in Paris, a newspaper which had a large daily circulation, was almost compelled to shut down the presses, due to the strike the electricians were carrying on at that time. A traction engine was run up to the curb, and the wheels locked and blocked. After placing a dynamo in position, a belt was passed from the fly-wheel on the traction engine over the pulley on the dynamo. The engine was set in motion, and worked in a highly satisfactory manner until the strike was settled.

The tractor is also being used at this time successfully in the jungles of Africa. The natives were very slow and lazy in transporting freight from the coast to the mining districts. Finally an enterprising promoter had a tractor shipped in parts, and transported into the interior to be assembled there. In Africa the jungles are exceedingly dense, and it was a huge undertaking to construct the roads and keep them in condition, as the vegetation grows very rapidly. When the tractor made its first trip the natives fell down and worshipped it as a "Fire God." The trains which are hauled over the roads bring in all the necessities of the country, and in a fraction of the time, that was required, when the natives were the sole means of transportation. Not only is there a saving in time, but also a great

saving in cost, as the rates charged by the natives for transportation were very high.

All parts of the world are being aided in their development by the traction engine, and one may at any time pick up a newspaper or periodical and read of some new use to which the tractor has been adapted. This great advancement is due to the many advantages the traction engine has over the horse. In the first case, there is no necessity for limitation of working hours; secondly, there is a great deal of heavy work which can be handled on ordinary roads which could not be easily hauled by horses.

A new style of engine, burning oil, has recently been invented. The tractor consists of a water tube boiler, generating about thirty horsepower, and consuming twenty-two hundredths gallons of fuel per horsepower per hour. This engine is able to haul a load of twenty tons at a speed of five miles per hour, on a level load, and can take grades up to one in twenty. The working cost is said to be about three cents per ton per mile. So from these statements it may be seen that the cost of maintenance is less than twenty-five per cent of the average cost of horse-power, a tractor being able to do the work of twenty-five horses, at the expense required to maintain six to eight horses. ROBERT CLYDE, '08.

## The Senior Seminar

The first paper discussed in the Senior Seminar was an exceedingly interesting paper prepared by Miss Edwards. The discussion was extremely interesting and very instructive, dealing with the theory and practice of Astronomy.

The next paper was on the proposed Hetch Hetchy water supply project by Mr. H. Dietterle. The speaker illustrated his discourse by stereoptican views

and diagrams. The speaker did well and kept the interest of all.

"The Uses of Water Under Compression," by Mr. Zipf, came next. The speaker handled his subject in a clear decisive way, illustrating the lecture with pictures and charts.

"Current Literature," by Mr. Orton, was a refreshing change from the regular routine. This subject touched on the very latest inventions.

## "Submarines"

The submarine is rarely spoken of and there is a general impression that a submarine is something that will dive below the surface like a duck and that it will come up or stay down just as the fates decide. We hear of a submarine in France that sunk and never came up, or of one in England that was wrecked and a number of lives lost. That is all that is told about them and it is generally supposed that submarines are yet in the crude experimental state. If the disaster was carefully looked into it is generally found to be the fault of some careless member of the crew or otherwise some faulty point in the construction. In the Japanese-Russian war it was very clearly shown that submarines are a success in warfare.

The United States Government has carried on very extensive and also expensive tests of submarines, and the results have always been successful. Congress has (just) lately voted to expend a very large sum of money for the purchase of a number of new submarines.

One type of boat looks like a cigar floating in the water with about three-fourths of it submerged. Where the cigar band should be there is a little circular conning tower with a glass top which is bolted down and made air and water tight.

Around this tower is a small flat space where six or eight people can stand. There is a railing about this, which can be removed. On some types this platform is made of wood, is considerably larger, the fuel tanks being stored on the outside of the boat under this platform.

At the stern is a propeller. On each side of the propeller are diving rudders which are manipulated from within.

Inside the boat is all steel and in every corner and running along the sides from the bow to the stern are steel tanks, nearly all circular. In the smaller tanks are stored fuel and storage batteries while compressed air for the crew and for shooting torpedoes is stored in the others. There are several large tanks which hold about

two thousand pounds each of compressed air.

A number of ballast tanks forward and aft and numerous auxiliary tanks with a main ballast tank in the center can be filled with sea water when necessary. These are all emptied by means of the compressed air in the tanks. The largest tank which holds about one thousand pounds of water can be emptied by compressed air in five seconds under ordinary circumstances.

When the boat is ready to dive the forward ballast tanks are filled until the boat tips to an angle of eight degrees. Then the driving rudders are placed in the right position and the boat glides down to the desired position where it is kept by keeping the boat pointed downward at an angle of three degrees. When ready to rise to the surface the water is forced out of the ballast tanks and the boat changed head upwards. One type of boat is made so that it sinks in a horizontal position by merely filling all the ballast tanks equally, but this has not proved as successful as the other type.

Each boat is equipped with two torpedo tubes. One of the Government's boats carries a five-ton lead weight for a keel, which can be released in case of danger. The boat then has five tons more buoyancy. This creates a feeling of safety among the crew. Another boat has a (b) copper buoy which contains a telephone and cable connections. This buoy is allowed to rise to the surface in case of danger. The boats are arranged with large hooks so that a chain can be fastened to it and thus they can be raised in a comparatively short time.

The submarine while on the surface is propelled by gas engines of five hundred horse-power and can attain a speed of twelve knots per hour. While submerged electric motors are used which develop two hundred to two hundred and fifty horse-power, and make a speed of eleven knots.

A. J. ROBERTSON, '09.



# EDITORIAL



## THE TIGER

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| Claire Hodges, '09       |   |                   |
| Charles Branstetter, '08 | } | .....Poetry       |
| Marguerite Boyd, '10     |   |                   |
| James B. Black, '08      | } | .....Joshes       |
| Ralph Ensign, '08        |   |                   |
| Samuel Jacobs, '08       | } | .....Shop Notes   |
| Edward Swartz, '08       |   |                   |
| Bruce Wetmore, '08       |   |                   |
| Lawrence Fabian, '08     |   |                   |
| Ethel Barry, '08         |   |                   |
| Ernest Thompson, '07     | } | ..... Alumni      |
| Lester C. Uren, '07      |   |                   |
| Monell Randall, '10      | } | .....Art          |
| Alfred Pyle, '08         |   |                   |
| Joseph Crigler, '08      |   |                   |
| Alexander Bell, '09      |   |                   |
| Harold Bruntsch, '09     |   |                   |
| Alfred Siegler, '10      |   |                   |

### ASSISTANT MANAGERS

Howard Lee Dietterle, '08      Fred Hornick, '10  
 Alfred Pyle, '08                  Mary Raber, '08

The Tiger wishes the very merriest and happiest Christmas season to all. To the Faculty, who have done so much for us; to the Senior Class, on this, their last Christmas at Lick; to '09, may your cheer not be dimmed by the early loss of the class of '08; to '10, '08's special proteges; to the Freshmen, may you not find a lemon in your stocking. In a word, you each have our best and heartiest wishes for the coming season and years!

### OUR COACHES.

Mr. Will Middleton and Mr. George Middleton, you have here extended to you the thanks of the whole school. We cannot put it strongly enough, but the most sincere gratitude for what you have done for us is felt by each and every person in the school.

You have shown us what real, true, amateur sport is. You have instilled into the team the idea that winning means much, but fair play more. This spirit has made possible a series of games in which never once has a foul play been made. This spirit through the team acts on the student body and is apparent in the comradeship and attitude of fairness which prevails.

Serving as you have without pay, leaving your business at a critical period,



spending long afternoons and evenings in hard training of our team and devoting to the plans and details much time and thought—of which we knew nothing—your spirit in all this will do more for the school than can now be apparent. Its influence will continue to raise the standard of amateur sport at Lick.

### POSTER PLAGIARISM.

We have had so many original and clever posters done here at Lick that we cannot afford in any way to let their quality deteriorate.

Last year "The Tiger" spoke about poster stealing. This set the fellows thinking, and the practice stopped. We now also want you to consider the question of idea stealing.

More fellows have taken this work up as time has gone on until, at least, so visitors say, we are unique among the schools for our interesting and straight-to-the-point posters.

The idea or working design is the vital and important part of a poster. When this idea is from some source other than the artist's brain the poster force and individuality deteriorate.

Several times recently posters have been put up that were based on drawing done by more experienced artists. This is not fair to the one who drew the original poster or to the school, for its standing in this work is lowered.

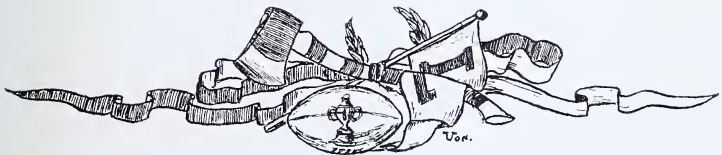
But more than all, the fellow who did the drawing, is injured. He loses in the power of conceiving ideas, and his sense of fairness, if he thinks, must be smothered.

Due acknowledgment should be made for borrowed schemes, just as for a borrowed story, picture, or meter of a parody on a poem.

### THE MANAGER'S EDITORIAL.

During this period of financial stress, the business men broached on the subject of advertisements were, as a rule, very reticent. But by diligence, the staff and a number of students at large, managed to induce the firms that can be found represented in the back of this book to insert their ads. Now we want you to remember that they did not do this for love, that they want some result, and that it is for you to see that the men who make this paper possible get profitable results.

Keep your Tiger handy. When you contemplate buying an article look through the ads. and find which one of the firms you can patronize. Then go to that firm, make your purchase and be sure to make it known you are from Lick. Ten chances to one, if you do this, we can get that ad. again. The benefit to yourself is obvious; and you show the dealer that you appreciate his help.





"Red and Black," Salt Lake, is notable principally for a very neat cover design and for the number of its verses. We do not generally come across so many.

"Pennant," Meridian, Conn., has a good detailed account of every football game their team has played. The only story, "The Temptation," is well written, but try to have a few more next time. We miss the exchange column.

"Manzanita," Watsonville, is the same neat little paper as usual.

"Sentinel," Harvard School, Los Angeles, you speak of the benefits of exchanges, but you do not criticise them. A few more jokes would do no harm.

We tried to appreciate the jokes of "Comus," Zanesville, Ohio, but gave it up as a bad job. This is a sample: "Did you see B. K. trying to be a magician? That is why he honored Mr. P. with a visit. He was accompanied by L. F." You may laugh, but alas! we cannot. Many other papers might take this hint and moderate the ultra-personal josh a trifle.

"Whims," Seattle's system of subdividing matter under department heads seems to work very well. It consists, however, almost solely of local matter without any literary efforts.

The departments of the "Bell," San Jose, are well treated. The athletic and exchange columns are especially good.

The stories in "The Tocsin," Santa Clara, are good, but the appearance is not as snappy and attractive as it might be.

"The Skirmisher," Saint Matthew's Academy, Burlingame, may profitably be read by any paper which wants to get pointers on jokes and joshes. They have used the personal josh in a manner which enables an outsider to see and laugh.

"Mike, for der last time do I say it." "Scribe," Oakland Polytechnic, why do you persist in running advertisements into your reading matter. If you only knew how it cheapens your appearance. Confine them to the back, and if you put good jokes among them they will be read. And say, when we exchange we want to be criticised, not merely acknowledged.

"College Echoes," Silaam Springs, Arkansas, lacks life and vigor. It is very evident that there is lots of talent in your institution, but there is something dormant about it. Try this for it: Original wit as joshes and personals, five parts; literature as stories, two parts. Mix and inject hypodermically once a month, preceding, however, with more visible school spirit. This will cure a more aggravated case than yours.

"Red and White," Lake View, Chicago. A few more cuts would tone your appearance up and an exchange column would interest us. The dedication is very catchy.

"Russ," San Diego, is a very excellent

exchange. It maintains a very high standard which never wavers.

"High School Herald," Pittsfield, Mass. It would improve your appearance to arrange your matter so that it ended on one line in both columns and did not occupy a column and a half, running down part way on one side. This would enable you to use small headings and tail pieces to advantage.

It is a pretty poor swat you give the "Aegis," "Olla Podrida," when you ask "how much they owe," the track team. Any school owes much to its track team or other teams, and should be proud of them, no matter if they are beaten, and there is no reason why "Oakland's cup of humiliation" should be "filled to overflowing." Such references show a rather small spirit, not at all what we look for or like to see in Berkeley High.

The "Aegis," Oakland, is without doubt our best exchange. For matter, arrangement and appearance you will be hard to improve upon and harder to criticize.

The "High School Review," Sacramento, would be improved in appearance if it were not so cramped looking.

It gives the impression that you have not space enough to contain the material. Arrange so that the headings come at the top of the page and each subject begins on a new page.

"The Pahuan" is a model for any small paper to copy from. All we can advise is a few jokes.

The same criticism may well apply to the "Crimson and White," State Normal School, Albany, N. Y. The form is also somewhat awkward, a smaller size being more appropriate for so thin a magazine.

We have two issues of "The Owl," Fresno, at hand, and they please us more than any other papers we receive. From cover to cover they are interesting, readable and attractive. The stories are excellent, the jokes, joshes and verses good, and they are very fortunate in having so good a cartoonist.

"Red and Blue," Sacks Institute, New York, has very good literary work, "McCarthy and the Banshee" and "A Trip to Northern Wonderlands" being especially creditable. A few more jokes would liven your paper up a little, but the place for them is not in the exchange column.



# SCHOOL and ALUMNI NEWS.

H. PARK, CH.



On October 25, 1907, a swimming rally was held. The underlying purpose of the rally was to arouse school spirit which had been decidedly lacking.

The first man called to the post was Dietterle, who opened his appeal with the remark that "we've got to take a hitch." Captain Mitchell spoke on school spirit, telling how a winning team could lose a game without the support of the student body.

Simpson then endeavored to arouse interest in his debating society.

Tinning gave a long, strong talk on The Tiger.

Ensign spoke on support.

Padilla gave his views on support and helped to arouse interest.

President Rogers told of the Wilmerding game protest, and also of the terrible crime of being over age.

A Tiger rally was called on November 7, 1907.

Tinning delivered a mighty argument on The Tiger.

Gallagher spoke of the business end of The Tiger and said Tinning's words all over.

President Rogers then spoke on football and the misuse of the field tight-rope which students had spent their leisure time in training on.

Captain Mitchell made the pleasing announcement that the game with Berkeley would be held on this side of the bay. (A delusion). Rogers then warned the students with that immortal phrase, "Support and school spirit."

Assistant Business Manager Hornick piled a dictionary on to the "Lick Bench," looked up the word support (may its gentle soul rest in peace), spoke on ads., told a little story, gave a few quiet "knocks," and descended the stairs amid a grand finale of applause. Ensign talked earnestly on "yawls." Mr. Merrill then took up explanation of the new padlocks.

A great revival has possessed the school in the last few weeks. It has enabled Simpson and his officers to reorganize a Lick Debating Society in the total time of two weeks. The society now has a membership of seventy-six and bids fair to be increased considerably if the students keep up the same spirit. In November, 1907, a football and debating rally was held. In no rally during the whole year has there been such spirit shown. Members of the football team spoke well, and received applause which was actually heartfelt.

Coach Middleton and his brother brought down the prize turkey. The school was in danger of losing some of its plaster.

Shortly after one o'clock the debating try-out for the team to represent Lick against Alameda, was opened. Beatty, Felt, Dietterle, Watt, Hornick and Simp-

son spoke, respectively, affirmative and negative on the question, "Should Fraternities be Forbidden in High Schools?"

Miss Adams, Miss Southwick and Miss Edwards were the judges of the team. Much enthusiasm was shown after each argument, the whole school being vitally interested in the question which came so near home. After a long interval of discussion the judges rendered the decision to Felt, Simpson and Dietterle, with Beatty for alternate.

## ALUMNI

### FROM STANFORD.

Davy Walker, '05, has risen from the ranks of assistant editor to one of the most responsible positions on the staff of the Daily Palo Alto, namely, that of associate editor. This is next to the highest office that can be obtained on the editorial staff.

Davy is also the proud possessor of a "Junior Plug," and thereby hangs a tale. At Stanford it is customary for the Juniors to give a play every year, at which their class hats appear for the first time, and are initiated. The process of initiation is as follows: At a given signal from some Junior who says "Plugs on" the hats are put on. It is then the duty of the Seniors to knock them to the ground and jump on them. The hats which are battered up the most are by far the best relics.

The disadvantage of being small at a time like this is obvious, for:

Dave Walker had an ugly plug

So big and nice and bright,

But when the leader said "Plugs on"

Davy went out of sight.

A husky Senior put his foot

With force upon the crown,

A crunching noise and then a squeak

As Dave and plug went down.

Upon the hat with might and main

Ten Seniors jumped with glee,

And underneath a smothered voice,

"Get off, you fools, it's me."

And when at last the rush subsides,

Towards the hills so bright,

A hat with legs is seen to scoot

And vanish out of sight.

Now that the game is over, the thing that seems to be worrying most Lick members here is the question of hours, for the semester is drawing to a close and the "Process of Elimination" is quite as severe as it is at Lick.

News from alumni members not here occasionally seeps in, and under the head of "Twice Told Tales" can be recorded the experiences of our last year's babes in the hard, cruel world, as follows:

William Gay, '07, better known as "Bill," is at present affiliated with "The Onion Destruction Co." He is a trifle blue, as this is his first long stay away from mother, and he would be delighted to hear from all his old schoolmates, girls preferred, and newcomers not debarred. His P. O. address is Vallecito, Calav. Co., Cal., Camp 9. In referring to his general misfit in life, Bill says:

"I'm too light for the heavy work,

Too heavy for the light work,

Too clean for the dirty work,

And too dirty for the clean work."

Poor fellow, it's a shame he has to work, for you know William was always "Such a pretty boy."

"Ping" Dearin, last year's baseball captain, senior class president and teacher's pet, is at present investigating the oil prospects near Fresno. In a letter in which he describes the country he says: "This is a great raisin section, and my travels in this part of the State remind me of my first ocean voyage, for:

During my Fresno trip

All I did was "eat raisins,"

And during my ocean trip

All I did was "raise eatins."

Lou Knell and the Berger brothers have been engaging in the haberdashery business on Fillmore street until a recent date, but owing to complications they have severed connections. The trouble arose this way: It was Miss Knell's duty to write letters which were dictated to her by the Berger brothers, but in taking dictation her memorandum notes were:

Too long for shorthand

And too short for long hand,

and as a consequence she could not read them. The Berger brothers were, of course, too polite to read any lady's notes, and, as aforesaid, business relations were severed.

"Bonny" Allsopp, '07, better known as "Shake-a-leg," is surveying near Stirling City. In a letter home, referring to the "fodder" served at the camp, he says: "Mother, I fear your home cooking has unfitted me for this kind of living. At home, owing to late rising, I sometimes got breakfast at dinner, but here it is no unusual thing to get breakfast for dinner, and then breakfast and dinner both for supper; in short, we have "hash" three times a day, six days a week, and Sunday the cook puts raisins in it and calls it pudding."

John French, '07, and the Sunset Telephone Company are working together in San Jose. John has a very responsible position, as he handles all the firm's money. He says that the experience gained at Lick in managing the '07 minstrels and in making rally speeches has developed in him all the qualifications necessary for a good "collector."

Eunice (U-ness) May Henry, '07, is at present assisting the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. She has charge of the policies of the dead. Last month she filed the policy of Mr. L. L. Lowell in the dead list, and the certifying agent, upon calling at Mr. Lowell's residence, spent over an hour in trying to convince Mr. Lowell that he was dead. At last, upon being forcibly ejected from the premises, the agent decided that Mr. Lowell was not dead, and returning to the office he lodged a complaint against Miss Henry. She easily exonerated herself, however, on the grounds that all Lowell men were dead ones.

O. T. Brown, '07, is at present a valuable asset to the Oakland Gas Co.

R. B. Bachelder expects to enter Stanford after Christmas.

Formerly Elva Woodman of Lick, '07, has taken to housekeeping. The thorough course which she went through at Lick has made her very proficient in this

line of business, and her mother claims that she is really a very valuable assistant in the culinary department of the household.

Edgar Randall, '07, in charge of a surveying party, is surveying in and about Redwood. Before Randall had been in the town a week he discovered, with the use of his surveying instruments and the valuable knowledge obtained at Lick, that Redwood was really three miles further south than it should be; that it was forty-two instead of twenty-nine miles from San Francisco; that the streets drained toward the hills, and that the sun rose three hours later every day than it should. Upon making these startling revelations he was at once pronounced a "hero," and but for the expense necessary to rearrange things according to him, they would have done so. The people, however, appreciating his remarkable ability in this line, at once had him lay out an entirely new city, and today, close to Redwood, under the personal direction of Mr. Randall, the wonderful new city of "Dumbardon" is rapidly attracting the attention of the entire civilized world.

These, oh members of Lick, are but a few of the achievements of those who have gone before you.

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## FROM CALIFORNIA.

Francis Merrilees, '07, has returned from a summer's trip to the Alaska gold fields. We used to think he was husky, but the Alaska climate certainly agrees with him.

Mahlon E. Sweet, '07, is connected with the Oakland office of the White Company, well known automobile agents. It is rumored that he will enter the State University shortly.

W. H. Carrick, '07, spent a week in the hospital with an attack of appendicitis. We congratulate him on his early recovery.

F. J. Ogle, '07, recently changed his residence to Berkeley.

H. Snell, '05, visited us and gave the senior class and the football team a talk on "staying with it."



**A Suggestion**—Each year Lick sends a half score or more of her graduates to the State University. There are at present about thirty of Lick's alumnae enrolled in the University, and next August will probably make the list forty or fifty. Why not organize a "We're From Lick" society among the alumnae in the Univer-

sity? Such an organization would be of mutual benefit, and it would keep the "family" together—or perhaps lead to the foundation of a house club. Get together, all you '08 Course Elevens, and talk it up! An organized body from one class could do more than all else to make it possible. There are others ready to help.



# Shop-Notes



## Mechanical Drawing.

The industrious wheels of propulsion are grinding and gliding along in the world-famed drafting department of C. S. M. A. The graceful gliding is due to (the graceful effects of foot motion on) the wax floor. Thanks to the '08 masquerade, the "Black Hand Society" has been able to stand the expense of impromptu ones every afternoon. Come and see the promenade in the basket ball court. Bids obtained from "Chief Lemon Squeezer" of "Black Hand."

The demoralized strings of the drawing department are being once more collected into a strand of accomplishments, and the work is progressing satisfactorily under the directorship of Mr. Hymann. Mr. Drew has left us to accept a position with the Polytechnic High School. He has our sincere regards and best wishes for his success. 'Tis said, "We do not value until it comes time to value." We value him now, and his good will and spirit will be with us always.

Mr. Hymann is rounding things into shape with rapidity. His European education, combined with his American practice will help us greatly with our work. We shall again make our department one to be proud of.

The "Freshies" and "Sophs" are well started on their sheets after numerous interruptions of their work. At the present pace they should finish with time to spare.

The Senior Descriptive Geometry class

is again in fighting array, and from present indications will be victorious over the intricate subject. Mr. Hymann has their work well in hand, and as no more interruptions are looked for, credible sheets are now beginning to be turned out.

The Juniors are developing into respectable draftsmen. They are working on gears, valves, and have turned out the reconstructed blue print frame for the new building. At a recent guessing stick contest the nearest was only 623.23 away. Well, here's to you, Juniors:

"Let us always live and hope.

The guessing stick sure has the dope."  
?—If the Juniors can only guess.

That energy called "canning," which is radiating, has again waylaid the "Black Hand" of one of its chief protectors. Only Orton, Johnson and Jacobs are left to carry the exalted banner to victory. All the Seniors have completed their boilers, which are excellent examples of the ability of the apprentices. The work being practically accomplished alone without former knowledge or any instructions on the subject, coupled with frequent interruptions. The next designs are engines. Johnson is designing a steam engine; Orton, a 35-H. P. vertical, one cylinder gas engine; Jacobs is starting the study of Thermo-Dynamics, preparatory to the construction of a design for a turbine. Mr. Hymann is an expert along all these lines, and good designs are expected. So on the whole the work is progressing very well after many interruptions.

### Machine Shop.

Again the prospectus of the machine shop must be put before you to keep you in touch with our lines of practical worth.

The so-called green hands of a few months ago have finished their preliminary bench work and have begun on the lathe.

It has become a great fad among some of the fellows to sit on stools while at the lathe. This we judge is to keep them from becoming bow-legged.

The long-talked of sawing machine has been completed owing to the work of the ever energetic Les Oliver. All wishing to order one kindly consult Mr. Oliver. For information regarding overcoat fits ask Colby.

The Ancient Order of Grease Melters has disbanded until the cold weather sets in.

The 4x5 mining hoist will soon be erected owing to the skilled workmanship of Bruns and Schwartz. Barney will soon have the rungs worn off the stepladder, as "Capa-city" has been laying off so much of late. The emery grinder for which the castings were made last heat is now nearing completion. Our draftsmen will soon rejoice, as their new blue print frame is to be finished. Mr. Lacoste, your foundry engine is being worked on. Besides the advanced work of the Seniors, the usual amount of repair work is being done by the Juniors. The electrical boys have more work on hand than they can handle. The repairing of the armature of the fifteen-horse-power motor will be no small job in itself. A couple of A. C. and a D. C. motor which were rewound will soon be in running order.

### Foundry.

The foundry looks for all the world like a jobbing shop, molds here, there and everywhere. Several brass propellers ranging in size from twenty to twenty-four inches have been cast, and large molds for gas engine parts are awaiting the time when molten metal shall make them castings. Mr. Lacoste has been using the snap system of molding lately. It does away with the ordinary cope and

drag and is quite economical in as much as there are no boxes to burn. These molds are of sand (Class A), with hardrammed self-supporting edges (when the instructor makes them).

That regal name Capa-city in the realms of foundry has passed out of existence. We judge it was due to the baseness of the government accorded it for some time past.

### Forge.

A remarkable amount of work is being done by the Sophs in the forge shop, thanks to the watchfulness of Mr. Mathis. The boys all manage to keep the sparks flying and at the same time avoid being hit by them. Apprentices Bell and Flynn have been doing some heavy work lately. Several sets of andirons have been turned out, the largest set weighing one hundred and twenty pounds. In the course he is pursuing even Bell can find work, but at any rate Bell never tolls off somber tones. It has been learned that Engineer Dixon wishes the steam hammer removed to the fire room for the purpose of knocking common sense (Dixon brand) into the heads of prospective engineers.

### Pattern Shop.

Mr. McLaren is now systematizing the work in his department, so the boys who go in there now get a good idea of what they have to do and what is required of them through his lectures. Lectures on the study of woods were given the Freshies and the usage of all the tools, so when they were working they could readily tell which tool to use and the correct way of using it. The more skilled boys are turning out small patterns now, some at the rate of three or four per week. Lathe work is being done by some of the fellows, and some good work is being turned out. The apprentices are repairing and reconstructing the old patterns that have been put to hard usage by some of Barney's "trowl manipulators." A new pattern of the vise designed by S. Jacobs has been made, which can now be made with a great deal less machine work, thus saving time in construc-

tion. Also, the pattern for the new bake kiln for the chemical laboratory is finished and will be cast in the next heat. Patterns for the new blue print frame are finished and casting made. A record is expected in the completion of this job.

### Chemistry Notes.

The Seniors are at present working on some very rich soil analyses, the samples of which are from Berkeley and Livermore. The work in iron and steel is progressing very nicely; the calorimetric method is being used with success.

The Juniors are just beginning qualitative rock analyses, having progressed far enough with their qualitative work to handle it without difficulty.

The second year class is getting along well in its experiments. The class is at present working upon chlorine and its compounds. All of the classes had a trip to the chemical works and studied the manufacture of commercial hydrochloric acid. This proved a very interesting and instructive trip for all.

Two new electric lights were tested in the laboratory. Tungsten and tantalum were used for the filament. The tungsten light gave 60 candle power and the tantalum 40 candle power, with about one-third as much electricity as those using the carbon filament. This shows that the rare elements are beginning to come into commercial use.

The chemistry department has not as yet received its new blast furnace.

### Sewing.

The Freshmen during this quarter worked diligently upon their white work.

They finished their practice stitches and were glad to have a change to the real sewing of garments. They are progressing nicely and we expect to see some very fine work later on.

The second year girls have finished all the blouses for the boys and are working on their woolen dresses. After Christmas we may expect some very pretty dresses on the girls.

The third year embroidery has been started and some very excellent pieces are on exhibition.

The Senior girls are preparing for the making of their tailor-made suits. They are working on the practice buttonholes and sewing on heavy goods. These suits will be done by the end of this quarter.

### Cooking.

Hallowe'en the girls showed how far they had advanced in cooking by giving a luncheon to the teachers. The lunch room was prettily decorated with jack-o'-lanterns and greens. The table was set for fifteen. In the center were two fruit baskets made of pumpkins, and from these were the long black and gold streamers, and at the end of these were the favors, a horoscope for each teacher. The menu consisted of:

- Split Pea Soup.
- Crutons.
- Grape Jelly. Spiced Tomatoes.
- Cold Roast Lamb.
- Potato Salad.
- Baking Powder Biscuits.
- Doughnuts. Pumpkin Pies.
- Apples. Grapes.
- Nuts. Coffee.





## FOOTBALL

### LOWELL VS. LICK.

On Saturday morning, October 12, the Tigers journeyed across the bay to the Alameda Recreation Grounds. The members of the team had just a little of that feeling of uneasiness which always comes before a doubtful game, and, of course, couldn't be made to say much about the coming game. The Tiger rooters seemed very lively, for some reason or other, as also did the wearers of the red and white, who could be heard exchanging compliments for quite a time before the real fun began.

At 10:30 Coach Middleton called the boys to him and then he made a little speech, first to the squad, then to each boy, and finally to the team that was to play. He didn't say much, but he said enough, and it will be many a day before the fellows that heard it will forget the impression those few words left upon them. Each fellow went on the field with the feeling of "it is up to me" circulating through his system, and that is what won the game. Lowell trotted out with an air of "Will you give it to us now, or shall we take it from you?" and proceeded to line up.

The whistle sounded and Captain

Mitchell booted the ball to the Lowell fullback, who was sent to the ground by a pair of striped legs before he could move. The wearers of the red made two grand rushes against that wall of black and gold, and were then forced to kick. Then Lick tried with little better success, and we, too, kicked. For some reason or other the man in the backfield could not hold onto the "Lick twister" which came to him, and while he was juggling with it Newton solved the problem by making a touchdown. Rodgers missed the goal and the score stood Lick 5, Lowell 0, in less time than it takes to tell it.

The rooters yelled "That's the stuff, keep it up, Lick," and the ball came spinning to the wearers of the gold, who kicked it down the field. Here Lowell took a brace and played desperately. Slowly but surely the golden stripes went back, back to their own ten-yard line. Then came the Tiger roar of "Hold 'em, Lick," the same call that has saved more than one Lick team from defeat. Three times the red and white rushed against the black and gold, only to go back like the waves of the ocean. Once more the air was rent with strange sounds as the ball changed hands and started upon its 100-yard journey to another touchdown. Slowly at first, then by big jerks as Holman, Graff and Rodgers broke loose, and

also by the consistent work of Kennedy, Newton and Black, Lowell was driven back to her goal line and over. Score: Lick, 11; Lowell, 0.

Lick kicked off and once more Lowell found herself going backward before the relentless Tigers as the whistle sounded.

The second half started with Mitchel kicking to Lowell, who advanced the ball to the center of the field, and then went back again before the ceaseless rush of the black and gold. Finally, when it seemed only a matter of seconds until Lick should score again, the red line held. Down on their three-yard line they stopped those rushes which had driven them for over a hundred yards to a touchdown only a few minutes before. Straining every muscle and using every method known to football, they succeeded in holding Lick for three downs without a gain, only to loose the ball on a fumble, and then to hold them for three more downs and take the ball again. That is what support will do. Every Lowell rooter was behind that team, or they never could have held like that. Again and again came the appealing call of "Hold 'em, Lowell" from the bleachers, and that is why they held. On the kick Holman broke through and succeeded in blocking it, Michel falling on the ball behind the line for another touchdown. Rodgers kicked the goal, making the score: Lick, 17; Lowell, 0.

The half ended with Lick once more making rapid strides toward Lowell's goal.

The success of the game is attributed to the overconfidence on the part of Lowell (which has sent more than one good team to defeat), to the backing received from the student body of Lick, and to the ability of every man on the team to play for all that was in him and not forget what Coach Middleton told him. Every player on the team showed up well. Besides the before mentioned, Boxton, Clyde, Philips, Michel and Captain Mitchel all played the kind of game that wins, as did also Andrus, who took Michel's place. Graff was noticeable on short kicks and forward passes, as was also little Kennedy in the backfield.

### WILMERDING VS. LICK.

On the morning of October 19 a crippled team of Tigers journeyed across the bay to play against an unknown team, but not an unknown school. The victory of the week before over Lowell had not been gained without some cost to the team and also to the student body, which did not seem to realize what the team was up against.

At 10:30 the whistle sounded and the ball was off. The Wilmerding back who caught it went down in his tracks, just as the Lowell back had done only the week before in just the same spot. Then Wilmerding started to rush that yellow-striped line, but found it was useless and was forced to kick. The ball sailed down the field, and then, with mad rushes and plunges, the Tigers steadily worked their way toward the goal. Wilmerding seemed powerless to stop their flight until they reached her three-yard line. Then there came the call of "Hold 'em Wilmerding," and they knew that the bleachers were behind them. Three times the Tigers rushed, but each time met a wall and a cheer which stopped them in their tracks. Who could puncture a line that had the whole Wilmerding School behind it? The last rush was stopped but six inches from the goal line, and the air was blue and yellow when it was found that Lick had failed to score.

The ball sailed back once more, only to return, like the waves of the ocean, and be thrown back again. This time by inches. Down the field once more it went, only to come back again and finally be stopped by the whistle which ended the half.

As the team crawled upon the field for the second half they looked to the bleachers for encouragement, but the section which had but one week before waved and cheered them on to victory, stared at them blankly in its emptiness. There stood a good team beaten because its school had failed to support it, when it needed support in the worst way.

The score tells the story of the second half. It was made on a place kick shortly after the kick off to Lick. The rest of the game is a blank to the men who played in it, and the thirty-two girls and



the yell leader are in no mood to tell of what happened.

Students of Lick! Put down in your diary this note for October 19, 1907, and don't forget the result:

"Lick team defeated by Wilmerding team. Score, 4 to 0. Cause—I failed to support my team."

The Lick-Wilmerding game was declared forfeited to Lick by the A. A. L. on account of a Wilmerding player being over 21 years of age.

Mr. Arnold of West Point, who has taken quite an interest in the football team, and who has assisted Coach Middleton a great deal in making a good fighting team, has been called to join his company on service in Manila. The school wishes to thank him for what he has done for their team, and also wishes him the best of success.

### LICK VS. BERKELEY.

On Saturday, November 16, for the first time in three years, the Tigers and the boys from across the bay who wear the yellow B met and fought out a battle on the gridiron which would do credit to any college team. From the kick-off to the last blast of the whistle the rooting sections and the teams were kept at a high state of excitement, for no one knew what would happen next.

The game started with Captain Mitchell kicking off to Berkeley's ten-yard line. Berkeley failing to make her yards, punted well up the field. Then Lick lost the ball near the center of the field on a mixed up fake kick. From here Berkeley quickly took the ball up the field by the successful use of the short kick. Finally, when upon their own five-yard line, the Tigers held and took the ball. Here in the mud and slush a punt was tried, but it was blocked on account of a misunderstood signal, and Berkeley fell on the ball for a touchdown amid a wild roar of glee from the Berkeley rooters. Incell kicked the goal, making the score Berkeley 6, Lick 0.

Berkeley then kicked to Lick and here the fun began. With a score of 6 to 0 against them and their rooting section behind, the Tigers came back strong and fairly played Berkeley off her feet. Three

times the ball was placed before Berkeley's goal for a place kick before the half came to an end. Twice the ball went wide of the goal and once it fell short by a couple of feet. The half ended with the score unchanged.

The second half began by Berkeley kicking off to Lick. Once more Lick started for the goal, this time with the determination of really getting there. Berkeley seemed powerless to stop Lick's progress, and finally with a long and beautifully executed pass by Rodgers and a kick by Randall, Black, Mitchell and Michel fell over Berkeley's line for a touchdown. The goal was kicked, making the score 6 to 6.

Then came the only bad feature of the day. When the ball went over the goal the referee cried "Over," and the umpire said "Not over." The game then went on, with some saying 6 to 6 and others saying 6 to 5.

The game now settled into a battle of offense and defense, Lick trying hard to score again, and Berkeley fighting as only a desperate team can to keep us from it. At this stage some weak spots began to develop in Berkeley's line, and Kennedy hammered them for all they were worth. Back towards the dreaded "white line" went Berkeley before the merciless plunges of the Lick backs, and then, with the goal posts almost above her head, she would pull her battered line together and hold. Then the ball would take an aerial trip, only to begin its journey back again. At last the whistle sounded with the two teams struggling in the mud, one, though battered and crippled, game to the end; the other, with the goal just out of reach and the score a tie.

Not since the days of '04 has there been such spirit shown by the Lick student body. Everyone was there, and everyone had something gay, it seemed. Pennants, balloons, kites, bells, snakes and a hundred and one other things made it a game that will not be forgotten in a hurry. Had it not been for this support the team would never have come back and scored in the manner that it did. That is the way, fellows! Back your team, and it will always do well. This game was declared a "no contest" by the A. A. L.,

and Lick was scheduled to play Woodland, the winner of this game to play Berkeley.

| Berkeley.           | Line-up.                  | Lick.   |
|---------------------|---------------------------|---------|
| Watkins.....        | C. ....                   | Philips |
| Sinclair.....       | R. G. L.....              | Clyde   |
| Steele.....         | L. G. R.....              | Michel  |
| Munroe.....         | R. T. L. Mitchel (Capt.)  |         |
| Mitchell.....       | L. T. R.....              | Boxton  |
| Morris.....         | R. E. L.....              | Black   |
| Boone.....          | L. E. R. Randall, Padilla |         |
| Hartley (Capt.).... | Q. ....                   | Kennedy |
| Knupp.....          | R. H. L.....              | Rodgers |
| Inccl.....          | L. H. R.....              | Holman  |
| Matthew.....        | F. ....                   | Graff   |

### LICK VS. WOODLAND.

This was a very interesting game. Lick appeared at Fifteenth and Valencia streets at 2:30 p. m. on Saturday, November 23. She kicked off to Woodland, but Woodland failed to carry the ball up the field, so a Lick man fell on it and Lick again kicked off to Baker and Hamilton, and thereby obtained quite a good practice game.

## TRACK

### B. C. L. FIELD DAY.

The B. C. L. field meet was a one-sided affair in which Berkeley High School was upon the upper side. Oakland and Berkeley both had good rooting sections but toward the end the Oakland rooters grew weak, leaving even the rooting laurels in possession of Berkeley.

The greatest individual performance of the day was the mile run, in which Hartwell (O. H. S.) broke, by a second, the record of 4:40, held by Harold Mundrell of Lowell.

The relay race was the most exciting event of the day. Berkeley and Oakland fought from start to finish, Berkeley just winning out by a yard.

The starting was the only thing that marred the day.

Berkeley scored 53 points, Oakland was second with 30 points, and Lick earned 19, giving the Tigers third place. The other schools in order were: Lowell, 10 points; Cogswell, 6 points; Mission, 3; Wilmerding, 3.

### A. A. L. TRACK MEET.

The A. A. L. track meet was a fight from beginning to end between Berkeley and Oakland. A few of the men on the Berkeley team that had competed in the B. C. L. meet were sick, and this so evened things up that it was not until the most exciting event of the day—the relay—that Berkeley was sure of the victory. The Berkeley and Oakland rooting sections were in their glory and a royal battle of yells ensued.

The star event of the day was the mile race, in which Hartwell of Oakland surprised all his admirers by lowering Harold Mundrell's record of 4:38 4-5 by 3 1-5 seconds.

In the 100-yard dash Cambell (B. H. S.) succeeded in running first, with Gray (S. R. H. S.), Leber (O. H. S.) and Read (L. H. S.) following close in the fast time of 0:10 2-5.

The 440-yard dash started at a fast pace set by Gray (O. H. S.), but with a burst of speed Meyer (L. H. S.) passed each man, breaking the tape an easy winner, with Whitney (S. R. H. S.) second, Hammer (L. H. S.) third and Gray (O. H. S.) fourth. Time, 0:53 4-5.

The half-mile was the race of the day. At the beginning of the last straightaway Moss (B. H. S.) led, with Padilla (C. S. M. A.) away in the rear. Then came the finish with the two neck to neck, and every spectator on his feet. By some Padilla was thought to have a shade the better, but the majority called it a tie. Berry (B. H. S.) easily secured third place from Connolly (U. H. S.), who was fourth.

The 120-yard high hurdles was won by Ruddick (U. H. S.), which startled some of the local men, with MacIise (O. H. S.), Beason (H. H. S.), Moody (C. P. C.), a trifle in the rear. Time, 0:16 3-5.

In the 220-yard heats Leber (O. H. S.) beat Harold (B. H. S.), showing that he has come up considerable in the last year. He then won the finals in the fast time of 0:23 3-5, with Caldwell (C. P. C.) second, Wurtz (O. M. T. S.) third and Read (L. H. S.) fourth.

The mile was a walk-away for Hartwell (O. H. S.), but the fight for second place between Mills (O. H. S.) and Little

(C. S. M. A.) proved interesting, Mills (U. H. S.) pulling away at the end, leaving Little (C. S. M. A.) third. Price (C. P. C.) finished fourth.

The shotput was won by Harold (B. H. S.), Ruddick (U. H. S.) second, Cilker (S. C. H. S.) third and Wolley (S. R. H. S.) fourth. Distance, 46 feet 2 inches.

Holt (C. S. M. A.) proved himself a comer when he won the broad jump, jumping 21 feet 5 1-2 inches. Rathbone (B. H. S.) came second, with Baumbaugh (W. S. I. A.) third and Harris (O. H. S.) fourth.

The final score was:

|                 |        |
|-----------------|--------|
| B. H. S.....    | 39     |
| O. H. S.....    | 35 1-2 |
| C. S. M. A..... | 14     |
| U. H. S.....    | 14     |
| L. H. S.....    | 13 1-2 |
| H. H. S.....    | 8 1-2  |
| C. P. C.....    | 8 1-2  |
| S. R. H. S..... | 12 1-3 |
| S. C. H. S..... | 4      |
| W. S. I. A..... | 2      |
| O. M. T. S..... | 2      |

## SWIMMING

### THE A. A. L. SWIMMING MEET.

The swimming meet of October 25 was a great success from a Lowell standpoint, but Lick cannot complain when she stops to think of the men that represented the red and white, and also remembers the four point margin which she held over the other schools for second. Evidently the afternoon's rally had had its effect, for the support received by the team from the school as a whole was great. Lowell felt ashamed of the support which she gave her team, and remarked about the way in which Lick supported hers.

The 100-yard race went to Lowell, both first and second places, with Wilmerding third.

In the 220-yard little Dill swam a great race against Chapman of Wilmerding for second, but the waves created by the swimmers in the tank handicapped him greatly on account of his size. Dill finished third.

The 440-yard went to Laine of Lowell, with McNeil of Lick pressing Patterson of Berkeley for second.

In the 880-yard Laine of Lowell sent the old Lick record of 15 minutes held by Kopke, '03, of Lick, glimmering by establishing a new record of 14 minutes 20 3-5 seconds. In this race McNeil took an easy second against Father Time.

Next came the feature of the evening, the relay, each swimmer swimming a tank length of 100 feet. Berkeley led off, but soon gave place to Lick on account of the consistent work of Worth, Morser, Padilla, Dill, Kuchel and Jorgenson. Then Lowell pulled up on her opponents and finally won, with Lick second, beating Berkeley by a nose.

Captain Dietterle is to be complimented on his team, for it showed what good, consistent work will do against such men as Laine of Lowell and other swimmers that handicapped the prospects of his team.

When the evening closed to a jolly selection from the Lick-Wilmerding Band, the score stood:

Lowell, 28; Lick, 8; Wilmerding, 4; Berkeley, 4.

### OAKLAND VS. LICK.

The Lick-Oakland swimming meet, held at the Olympic Club, November 16, was an exciting contest. The winning spirit put into the team by Captain Dietterle in the classic 100-yard dash lasted throughout the contest. Second and third places went to Oakland.

The 440 and 880-yard swims went to Oakland, Kitto showing himself to be a fast swimmer. McNeil and Morser did well in these races for Lick. The 220-yard sprint went to Dill, a promising sprinter who should do well in meets to come. Dietterle was second.

The score stood 18 to 18 with the relay race left to decide the meet. Both teams were about equal. From start to finish the excitement was held at the highest pitch, both teams taking the lead alternately. Finally the "windmill boy," Kuchel, came to the rescue and landed the race and also the meet for Lick. The final score stood: Lick, 23; Oakland, 21.

**BASKETBALL.**

The fellows who are out for the basketball team are staying with it well and are daily improving. They have had several short trips and practice games, which help a great deal in making a team. Manager Crigler is very much in hopes that the fellows who are at present occupied with football will see their way clear to add strength to basketball in the near future. Lowell and Wilmerding beat us easily last year, but let us make them work this year for it. Fellows, come out for the team! Practice at the school on Tuesday and Thursday of each week and at the Columbia Park. Boys' club on Saturday morning.

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On November 18 the Lick basketball team defeated the Cogswell team by a score of 12 to 9. At the close of the first half the score stood 6 to 0, the substitutes playing the second half.

**TENNIS.**


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Tennis has at last taken a brace in Lick School. Not since the days of Hotchkiss and Gabriel has there been such spirit shown. Up to this year tennis seems to have been on a steady decline, but now there is an upward tendency. Something over thirty fellows signed up for the try-out, which made an encouraging outlook for the manager of this wayward activity.

That's it, fellows! If tennis wants to go up the ladder, instead of down, get in and help it along.

Easton and Brunn will represent the team for the black and gold this year, and are qualified to give a good account of themselves in the finals.

**GIRLS' ATHLETICS****BASKETBALL.**

Enough cannot be said of the merits and ability of our captain, Clare Hodges. As a result of her spirit and personality four teams have been formed, one from each class, and the girls find much enjoyment challenging one another for the school championship and for the cup donated to them by Mr. Kellogg.

Besides the interclass games the girls have had practice games with Lowell, Cogswell and Alameda.

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**SWIMMING.**

The girls owe their success in swimming to Miss Otto, who gathers them up almost every Saturday and takes them for a swim at Sutro Baths. The girls take to the sport as good swimmers should, and it will not be long before the captains have their teams picked for interclass matches.

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**THE PASTIME CLUB.**

The Pastime Club was finally organized at the big open air rally held in the basketball court, November 13, when the constitution was read and accepted and the required officers were elected.

The object of the girls in organizing this club is to interest each girl in the school in some sort of pastime, whether athletic or literature.

Although the girls have a constitution similar to that of the boys, and a full set of officers, the club was formed for social purposes only, and the girls are still members of the Associated Student Body.

The following is the list of officers:

Esteemed High Jinkess—Miss Clare Hodges.

Scribbling Scribe—Miss Agnes Fra-  
sure.

Miserable Miscreess—Miss Minnie Lun-  
berg.



## Ranting Roars by Brainless Bores

### ADRIFT ON A SCHOONER.

All was going well when the captain spied something huge and black through his glass. It seemed to leap high in the air at irregular intervals. He looked at it for a time and then with an anxious sigh of suspicion called Heinie, who was standing by the railing.

Heinie looked through the glass and exclaimed, "Never seen one before, cap." The captain after looking at it closer for a while took it out of the glass and drank the beer.

---

Prof.—What animal is satisfied with the least nourishment?

Bright Senior—The moth, it eats holes.  
—Ex.

---

She was comely, very comely,  
And he gazed upon her dumbly,  
With a feeling of affection mixed with awe.

"Speak!" he cried, "my queenly beauty;  
Tell me what shall be my duty."  
Then she murmured "twenty-three."

He twenty-thraw.

Once again he came a-wooing,  
Came with tingling ardor suing,  
For the greatness of his love could not be hid.

But alas! his hopes were shattered,  
And his dreams of joy were scattered,  
For she told him to "skiddoo!"

And he skiddid.—Ex.

### SOME DEFINITIONS OF ANIMALS IN THE LICK ZOO.

(With Apologies)

Major Domo Fabian—The sunlight of intelligence which infects the Senior History Class.

Irish Kennedy—(Prehistoricus Shrimpus) May be seen ambling around the football field in season.

Dodo Barnett—That graceful bird which occasionally comes to life in the German class.

B. Small Dill—Prominent in the insect cage. By the use of a powerful microscope his shadow might be found in a corner of the Zoo.

C. Romeo Richardson—Queen of the Lick beauty contest. Found asleep in classes or in front of the mirror. (Species of Sleeping Beauty.)

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### HUNTING (?).

Randall's latest specialty is reported to be Foxes instead of Tigers.

---

First Infant—What is that platform in the mechanics room?

Second Squaller—Oh, that's the scaffold where the teacher applies the black cap and the principal pulls the trap.

---

Why does a blush creep up a girl's face?  
Because if it ran it would kick up too much dust.—Ex.





HEY! WHEN YOU SEE THE PIGS HIDE REPOSING AND IDE MAKE IT PART OF YOUR SYSTEM TO FALL ON IT!

NOTE MITCHELL'S PHILOSOPHY.



THE TEAM' PROTESTED THE ANCIENT GENTLEMEN IN THE WALMERDING GAME — AND BUM DECISION IN THE BERKELEY GAME.

**M** AGENTA-TOP  
**M** ITCHELL.



PIPE THE ARTISTIC UPRIGHTON RUSTY

LOOKS LIKE A PARD LEE

HELLO-YER OLD RASPBERRY



A FEW MEMBERS OF THE BARN BLOW-OUT.



TO THE BARN

A FEW MEMBERS OF THE BARN BLOW-OUT.



## Personal Interviews with Celebrities in Our Sideshow

II—"Brick". Mitchell, Champion of American Football.

"Brick" Mitchell saw us coming and ran. We can't see why he did it, but he did. Yes, he ran, and we kept on going, and met him coming toward us, you see—he didn't run away.

"Brick" is a brave boy, and we suppose he decided to take his punishment well, for he came right up and talked. Remembering his rally speech, we asked:

"What particular reason have you for disliking Rugby?"

He looked surprised, "What 'particular reason,' why I have a hundred," he said. "Rugby is the worst excuse for an American College game ever played on this coast. They say it's introduced to stop rough play, but that's all bluff.

"The only redeeming feature about the game is the passing, and most of that is so bum, the game is full of fumbles. And then the scrum or scrump or scum, whatever it is called, gives one the impression of a bunch of pigs wallowing in a grub trough. Then the backs down on their knees, looking for the ball to come out, while the bunch with their heads together wiggle their feet! Every back ought to be provided with a telescope and magnet, to find and attract the ball.

"The guy that gets it lets out a war-whoop, and his pals string out behind him and make for the goal, while he goes along running like a fellow carting a greased pig. The rear guard on the other team try to derail him, and he swings out, and 'presto,' the feller behind has the ball and a guy from the other side runs up to No. 1, shakes his mit, and dumps him in the dust.

"That's called science by the Australians and Canoodians, and they want to pass it up to us."

"Brick" shook his fist and looked at us.

"They go out half-dressed and bark their knees and rub the skin off their legs, and then say that it is a CIVILIZED way to play!" he went on. "That's a little of the

game from one point of view. Then again, look at the grand stand, do the rooters have the same spirit?"

He glowered on us, and from experience we had to acknowledge that they had not.

"NO!! You bet they don't!! Now, to be fair, I don't mean to say that the old game, as it was played just before Rugby was introduced, was all right. It wasn't! Why from the grand stand you wouldn't know who had the ball, that was worse than Rugby. BUT, the old game isn't what it used to be, under the new rules it can't be beat.

"You don't believe me?" he looked at us inquiringly.

"To prove it, I refer you to the games played between Oakland and Berkeley High Schools. The place was crowded each game, and every game had more in attendance than its predecessor—and not high school students either!"

He looked at us again.

"I suppose from that you will say that those fellows who went to the game went there to find something more to advance in opposition to the old game."

He looked at us with a sneer this time, and we hastened to say we had no such argument. He smiled:

"I'm glad to hear it. You see I'm used to hearing freshmen discuss the matter, and those learned heads on small bodies suggest that the game be still more modified—conducted on the correspondence school plan, you know."

By this time he was so mad he almost snapped his fingers, and swore "persimmons," but seeing that he was in the company of gentlemen he refrained.

"I myself don't think that Americans, the kind that take off their hats when the 'Star Spangled Banner' is played, will very long imitate the English in football. The American Intercollegiate will come to its own in the West as well as the

East, and there will be no cleaner football played."

He had calmed down, and when we said we hoped that what he had said would come true, he departed.

Note—We wish to say that it is our sorrow that more humor could not be introduced in this "interview," but for the sake of "American" football, we prefer to let it stand—"Brick" Mitchell, its champion, we haven't the heart to knock—have mercy upon us and await the next issue.

Received, prepared and illustrated by Willard Beatty and Monell Randall.

### JOSHES.

He—What's the difference between an oculist and a bald head at the theater?

She—I don't know. What is it?

He—One fits the eyes and the other eyes the fits.—Ex.

Stew—How are you going to dress for the barn dance?

Hemlock—As a hobo.

Stew—Aw shucks! I thought you were going to disguise.

Leigh (as he disengages himself from a close embrace, the result of an accidental collision.) Oh! I beg your pardon.

Lou—(Very much rattled.) Oh-ah-er, you're perfectly welcome.

There was a young fellow named Clyde, Who was at a funeral espied,

When asked who was dead,

He yawned as he said,

"I don't know, I only came for the ride."  
—Ex.

### CROSS-EYED GOLFER.

A golfer whose eyes were oblique  
Tried to make a swift drive with a clique.  
If the ball he should hit  
Where he's looking at it,  
Why it wouldn't be back for a wique.

Two big long sticks support a frame,

The frame is ribs and bones,

And with this frame, a head and arms

All combined make Jones.

### HALLOWE'EN FROLIC.

Down at the shops on Hallowe'en night,  
Naught Eight turned out in costumes  
bright;

I arrived there early to see the fun,  
As over the sticks they gayly come.

Of sticks there were three nailed across  
the door,

Which over they jumped with a terrible  
roar,

Their voices and laughs of course were  
disguised.

Who really they were I only surmised.

Ah! who are those weird looking witches  
I see,

Ilma and Hazel and sweet Marie?

And those strange looking boys who after  
them follow,

With voices that sound so drawn and  
hollow?

Two Topsies appear just dressed up to  
kill,

Behind them comes a Jack and a Jill,

Why the latter are Bess and Ray forsooth,  
While the former I guess are Ethel and

Ruth.

Now over the sticks comes a farmer's  
maid,

With a checked gingham dress and a thick  
flaxen braid;

Her partner a typical farmer, too,

(I found later on they were Leigh and  
Lou.)

There were many more in costumes gay,  
Including the teachers—well, I should  
say!

With music and dancing the time sped on,  
We really knew not where the hours had  
gone.

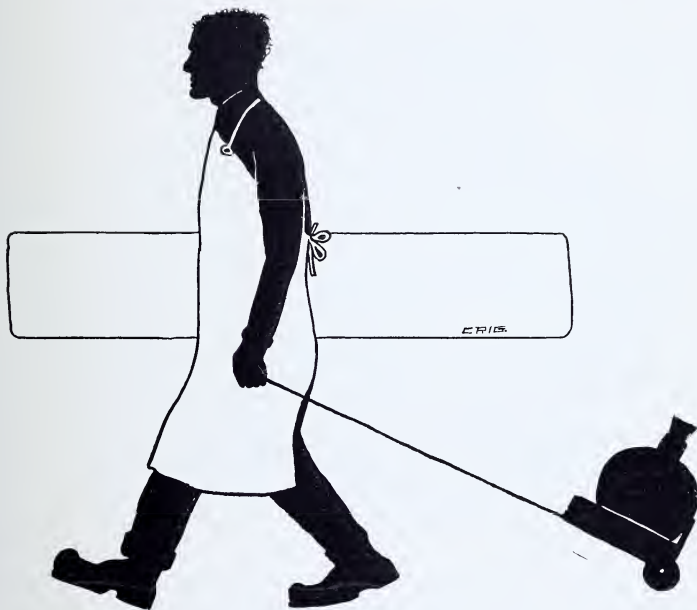
Before going home to the yard we all  
went,

To see what the blaze in the caldron  
meant,

With songs and with yells and words of  
good cheer

We all wished success for our Naught  
Eight year.

GENEVIEVE W. SULLIVAN, '08.



Boxton had a little wagon,  
 A tiny wooden thing;  
 It followed him where 'ere he went  
 'Cause Charlie held the string.

#### ON FOOTBALL TRIP.

Randall—Come on, fellers, let's see 'em  
 put those hoboos off the train.

Voice from rear—"Where's Graff?"

#### WHICH?

Payne—(Making long-winded spiel in  
 English.)

Teacher (To boy in rear of room)—  
 "Please turn the steam off."

#### EXCHANGES.

Do you take mechanical drawing?

Yes, but that is where I draw the line!

The Principal of a Grammar School  
 was examining a small boy:

"Can you take your warm coat off?"  
 he asked.

"Yes sir," was the response.

"Can the bear take his warm coat off?"

"No sir."

"Why not?"

There was a moment's silence, then the  
 little fellow spoke up:

"Because, sir, only God knows where  
 the buttons are."—Ex.

#### SURE MIKE.

Dennis—Where is the best place to  
 hold a world's fair?

Mike—Around the waist.—Ex.

## TROUBLES.

I.

Now there's a little Freshman  
Looking at his card;  
He heaves a sigh to Heaven—  
His Algebra's so hard.

II.

Now here's a jolly Soph'more  
Who's feeling rather sore;  
He doesn't like the Foundry,  
'Cause he's made to pour.

III.

There's a third year fellow,  
A Junior he is called;  
He doesn't care for Trig,  
For in Algebra he's been stalled.

IV.

Now look at that gay Senior,  
A fellow brave and true;  
He never bears a troubled look,  
For with troubles he is through.

V.

And trouble follows trouble  
As on through school we go,  
But bear a grin when it, your in,  
And trouble you'll not know.  
W. LARZELERE, '08.

## OF COURSE.

Soph—This is Rembrandt's picture,  
painted by himself which I have in my  
hand—

Miss Adams (interrupting)—Yes, we  
are told that he painted himself quite  
often.

---

Boy gun,  
Gun fun,  
Gun bust,  
Boy dust.—Ex.

---

Dorothy always wondered why grand-  
ma was so cold. Whenever a door or  
window was left open grandma would al-  
ways tell her to run and close it. The  
poor child's life was made so miserable  
that one night at bed time she offered  
up this prayer:

God bless papa,  
God bless mamma,  
And please make it hot for grandma.—  
Ex.

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- (2) "THE SANTA BARBARA MISSION," IN COLORS
- (3) "THE YOSEMITE VALLEY," IN COLORS

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## SUNSET MAGAZINE

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**San Francisco, Cal.**

**STUDENTS!** If you want some "easy money" for the holidays, you ought to write for our special offer to the High School students of San Francisco. It will certainly interest you.

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WM. HORSTMAYER :: :: Manager

OFFICE  
Phone Market 1513

OFFICE and MILL  
35 to 43 EUREKA STREET, Bet. 17th and 18th

### STRANGE.

Soph Girl—I don't see why the boys shy from me. Last year they said I was a peach.

Freshie Girl—Yes, but last year's peaches are not in very much demand this year.

### STUNG.

Trig Teacher—The three boys in the front of the room were the only ones who had their problems correct.

Voice (from back of room)—Good team work!

(With Apologies to James Hogg.)  
Come all ye jolly "Lickites,"

Ye'll whistle like good men,  
When I tell ye of a secret

That many dinna ken;  
What is the greatest bliss  
That the tongues o' lads can name?

'Tis the wooing a Lick lassie,  
When he dinna ken her name;  
When he dinna ken her name;

With her bonny face all hidden,  
'Neath a masque all hidden,  
So he dinna ken her name.

MARY RABER, '08.

## H. HARTJE

DEALER IN  
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS  
WOOD AND COAL  
HAY AND GRAN



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SAN FRANCISCO

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The Most Convenient Market in the  
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DELICATESSEN AND DAIRY  
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FRUIT, VEGETABLES, FISH  
AND POULTRY

Choicest Stall Fed Meats of All  
Kinds

BUTTER, EGGS AND CREAM

Butter Churned Daily on Premises



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Adult Classes Monday and Friday  
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Saturdays, 3 to 5:30.

Social for Advanced Class, Wednes-  
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Delivery Daily to All Parts of  
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Corner 39th and Pt. Lobos Ave.  
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(Incorporated)

## Hardwood Lumber

Importers and Dealers in Oak  
Ship Plank and Timber, Locust  
Treenails and Wedges, Mahogany,  
Primevera, Teak, Walnut, Butter-  
nut, Cherry, Sycamore, Ash, Span-  
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Sawed Oak, Veneers and Dowels.  
Special sizes furnished to order on  
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**Gallagher ..Bros.**

**473 HAIGHT**  
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**3272 22nd ST. NEAR VALENCIA ST**

Men's Sewed Soles, 75c  
Ladies' Sewed Soles, 50c  
Done in Ten Minutes WHILE YOU WAIT  
and.....  
All Work  
Guaranteed

## CHARLES LYONS

### LONDON TAILOR

Back on Market Street

### Opening Announcement of Fall and Winter

Mr. Lyons invites his friends and the public generally to visit his new store, 771 Market Street, and to inspect the finest line of Fall and Winter Clothes that has ever been displayed on the Pacific Coast. These goods range in price: For Suitsings made to order, \$20 and up. Overcoats, from \$20 up and Trousers from \$5.50 up. The same lines may be found at all of Charles Lyons' stores. Please note the address.

**NEW DOWN-TOWN STORE - 771 Market Street**

731 Van Ness Ave.

1432 Fillmore St.

958 Broadway, Oakland

## *Eggert's Hotel and Restaurant*

Meals three times a day at 25c.

2545 Seventeenth St., S. E. Cor. York St. San Francisco  
A. EGGERT, PROP.

## Do you want to know anything about MACHINERY

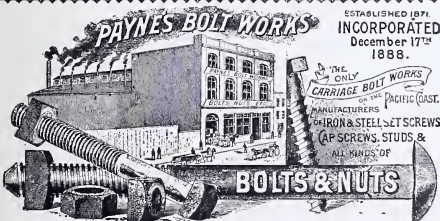
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CLOTHES CLEANED, DYED and REPAIRED  
FEATHER WORK OUR SPECIALTY

Our French Curling Unsurpassed

3272 Twenty-second Street

SAN FRANCISCO

ED. LEVY, Prop.

### AN ALLITERATIVE ADVENTURE.

Amiable and animated Angeline and angular, anxious Arthur, an awkward admirer, ambled aimlessly along an attractive avenue. Angelic Angeline adroitly answers astute Arthur's address and adds an admonition as an abrupt, audacious afterthought. Attentive Arthur accepts attractive Angeline's amusing and ambig-

uous advice and adroitly administers an affectionate application. Amazed, adorable Angeline admonishes adventurous Arthur and asks an apology asserting astonishment and announcing annihilation as an awful alternative. Abjectly, atrocious Arthur announces anguish and asks absolution. Amen.

S. W. COSBY, '09.

## Stevens & Agar



**DRY GOODS, NOTIONS**  
**OVERALLS, JUMPERS, SHOES, Etc.**

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# SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

OF

## The ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK

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LIMITED

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Mission Branch, Mission and 16th Street, San Francisco, California

We desire to announce that we have established a SAVINGS DEPARTMENT in conjunction with our commercial banking business and are receiving savings accounts which draw interest at the usual rate.

We are now in our new home, the "Anglo" building, N. W. Corner of 16th and Mission Sts., and have a modern and well appointed banking house with absolutely fire and earthquake proof

### SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

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Head Office—LONDON, ENGLAND

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# *One Chance in the Year*

## A KODAK FOR XMAS

### *See Perry---He Will Tell You the Rest*

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### Stationers, Booksellers, Paper Dealers

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OUR stock of groceries for quality and assortment is not to be surpassed. Our rapidly growing business is the best evidence of this.

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BABBITT METALS  
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(INC.)

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NEW GOODS FOR THE HOLIDAYS ARRIVING  
DAILY—QUICK SERVICE

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HAIGHT ST. AT COLE



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### *Getleson's Candy Store*

MISSION & 16th ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

#### WHAT THE POTRERO THINKS OF US.

S'y, ol' pal, youse oughter go roun' the school down there't 'steenth an' Utaw some time. The's kids there all sizes, from them thet's not big enough ter tickle the elbows of a muskeeter to a bunch o' mutts seven foot high, which them last don't do nothin' but kick a football. Ain't that game the craziest, though? A bunch o' the Willy boys'll chase thet ol' pignskin ez if there was a

twenty-plunk bonus for the one thet got it, an' then they all git down in the dirt an' scrap like ol' Nick. Why in Time they don't go to it standin', I don't see; they'd sure enjoy it more. An'—er—whut'll it be, gents? Straight dope, eh? Here y'are, right from the towerin' wallies of ol' Kaintuck—, maybe.

Speakin' o' the school, I went throo the shops wunst. I tackled the machine shop fust, an' was jus' gettin' usened to the looks o' things (I used ter be a machinist—, I run a wheelbarrow at the For-

Telephone Special 1116

### S. F. PIONEER VARNISH WORKS

E. L. HUETER, Prop.

Fine Coach, Railway & Furniture  
VARNISHES.

Architectural Wood Finishes

FACTORY—24th and Kansas.

Office and Salesroom:

1814 MARKET STREET

San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Steiner 1471

## *Pan Handle Bakery*

### and Confectionery

1598 Fulton St., Corner Lyon

All kinds of

**BREAD, CAKES,  
ROLLS, PIES, etc.  
FRESH EVERY  
DAY . . . . .**

Delivered Free of Charge to Any  
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Renting Films Our Specialty

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Phone Fell 8531

# Haight St. Floral Co.

*Cut Flowers and Designs  
Green Houses and  
Nursery*



**324 Fillmore St.**

Near Haight St. San Francisco, Cal.

derer Cornucopia Works up here), when zip! a piece o' iron went flyin' past my chin, an' singed my eye-winkers off clean! Fact. Some fool—, one o' those wise 'prentices—, tried to take off an inch or so o' machine steel on the lathe all ter wunst. I sort o' got a hunch that I was wanted somewheres else and toddled. Nex' place I struck was the blacksmith joint. I stayed fifteen minutes an' all the kids did was waste coal an' spoil iron. W'y, they'd build a roarin' fire an' toast their little toes for five minutes; then they'd stick a nice straight piece o' iron way down in the fire, an' in two shakes it'd be lookin' like Pat Calhoun's trolley wires after the quake got done shakin' 'em down. You

remember Mathis, don't you? Back in—le's see—'89 or '90. He's got charge o' the place. He sure knows his biz, but he's havin' a job with the kids he's got now. It's about time they make some-thing 'sides lippy, sloppy, links an' collars an' washers that come open if you sneeze on 'em.

Then I rambled into the foundry, an' I reely enjoyed myself in there. The way the loafers hustled when Lacoste (that's the ginny that teaches 'em) was sure startlin'. "Get them shovels," sez he, hangin' agin' that there wall an' polish 'em up. See? Come on, now, get a wiggle on, or I'll stick the blowers in your mush an' blow the top o' your head off!" An'

(Continued on Page 70.)

# ISHIQURO PHOTO STUDIO

1930 Fillmore St.,

San Francisco



## Puckett's Select Academy of Dancing

COTILLION HALL

159 Church St.

On Fillmore Car Line at 14th and Market St.

A place where Ballroom Dancing is taught as it should be taught.

Classes—Mondays and Thursdays

Graduates Wednesdays

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HOUSE FURNISHING ARTICLES**

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**WASHINGTON & FILLMORE STREETS**

## **∴ PIANOS ∴**

**BUY ONE FOR "HER"**

We can fill your order and give satisfaction.

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*Bush Street, near Van Ness*

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**SCHOOL SUPPLIES, STATIONERY, BAKERY  
LUNCH ROOM, FINE CANDIES,  
DRAWING MATERIALS**

**386 Utah Street**

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**WINTER STYLES**

*... in ...*

## **Suits, Overcoats, Shoes, Hats**

**Are Now Ready**

*Our Young Men's Tuxedos are  
just correct in every detail*

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**LADIES' CHILDREN'S  
AND INFANTS' WEAR**

**S. E. CORNER  
VAN NESS AVE. AND CALIFORNIA ST.**

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**HELD & BESTHORN, - - - Proprietors**

**BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, PORK, Etc.,** Special Attention Paid  
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**1589 HAIGHT STREET, Near Clayton**

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IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC  
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DAIRY PRODUCTS  
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**J. D. HEISE & CO., INC.**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

**GROCCERS**

3079-83 SIXTEENTH STREET

Near Valencia, San Francisco.

PHONE MARKET 1577

## OUR NEW STORE...

Will be opened with a full assortment of Fine Clothing and Haberdashery for young gentlemen, at Cor. Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

...*M. J. JACOBI & CO.*

(Continued from Page 66.)

after pourings the Dutch teacher goes in there on the sly an' uses them shovels for mirrors. Fact.

In the pattern shop the fust thing that struck me was that there must be a kindergarten 'long with the school. W'y, the kids was so shrimpy I began singin' "Rock-a-Bye, Baby"—just couldn't help it. Next thing struck me in there was a ban'saw, an' I opined I'd had enough

mcra'klous 'scapes an' hit the trail for the store. Goin' so soon? Well, drop in again. Allus glad to chin with an ol' friend. So long!

L. DICKEY, '09.

It is claimed by an investigating committee that J. Pierpont Clyde spent five cents (5c), treating a crowd to candy, but the truth of the circumstance is much in doubt.

## WHITE FRONT MARKET



Dealers in  
BEEF, MUTTON, PORK, VEAL, SAUSAGES, HAM,  
BACON AND LARD



1914 Bryant Street

San Francisco



## "PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY"

Favor *CALIFORNIA Insurance Co.*  
 Paid \$1,832,000 in losses in the San  
 Francisco conflagration at the rate of  
 100 cents on the dollar and has estab-  
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| Overalls 10 cents | Blouses 10 cents | Overalls with Bib 10 cents |
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Telephone Market 143

872 Bryant Street, Corner Seventh

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# Schnutenhaus Bros. & Co.

Groceries, Hardware, Coal and Feed

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# J. M. LITCHFIELD & CO.

MILITARY, NAVY AND SOCIETY GOODS

Flags, Banners, Badges, Etc.

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Near Van Ness, San Francisco.

# THE Anona Market

CHAS. H. KUHLEMAN, Prop.

Dealer in



**BEEF  
PORK  
MUTTON  
LAMB  
VEAL**

All Kinds of Sausages and Delicacies

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San Francisco, Cal.

Orders Called for and Delivered.

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Dealer in

Groceries, Provisions

Wood and Coal

Hay and Grain

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LUNCHES

CANDIES

CORNUCOPIAS

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COFFEE

--AT--

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☞ Avoids Snow and Ice of Northern Winters

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